



JOSEPH ALDRIDGE, JUNE



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POEMS

BY

ELIJAH BARWELL IMPEY, ESQ.

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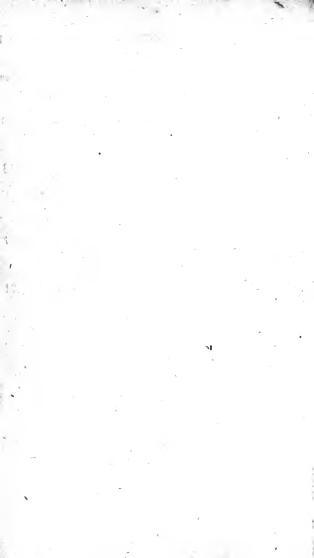
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TO LADY IMPEY.

Flushing, January, 1810.

My DEAR AND HONOURED MADAM,

IN preparing this little volume for your perusal, I have endeavoured to turn to some advantage those hours of leisure and retirement which I am disabled by sickness from devoting to more important proofs of filial affection.

Nothing has been wanting to render this token worthy of your acceptance, that depended either upon my own efforts, or upon the encouragement and criticism bestowed on them by my literary friends.

The latter, except where a more explicit avowal has been deemed indispensable, it will be sufficient for me generally to acknowledge, without a personal reference to authorities, which might perhaps give weight to my exertions, but could add none to reputations already established.

There is a sacred respect due to some characters, which should preserve them inviolate for occasions exclusively suited to their importance.

Besides, every appeal to the public, presupposes a privilege in the public of pronouncing a definitive sentence, unbiassed by all possible respectability of private recommendation.

Had I not hoped that these productions were in some degree worthy of publication, I should not have committed them to the press: much less should I have presumed to shelter my defects as a writer, under the sanction of your revered name.

But, without affecting indifference to whatever popular success this work may obtain, I can with sincerity assure you that my principal gratification will arise from the pleasure which your maternal indulgence disposes you to feel on receiving this imperfeet testimony of attachment from,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

E. B. IMPEY.



DAYLESFORD,

A POEM,

INSCRIBED TO

WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

For sacred was the pen that wrote, Thy father's friend forget thou not.

SCOTT's Marmion, Introduct. to Cant. 4.



DAYLESFORD.

ONCE more to Daylesford's hospitable shade
Where first my Muse her trembling wings essay'd,
Pleas'd I return, while studious to atone
The lapse of years irrevocably flown,
Imagination takes a wider range,
And views the past contrasted with the change.

How dear to meditation is the scene!

These meadows cloath'd in variegated green,

These lawns soft-sloping to the watery verge,

Whose winding current knows no boisterous surge,

The mimic isle that blushes not to own

Her parent art, which rear'd the moss-clad stone,
The waving ash that crowns her rocky brow,
And sheds her vermeil-cluster'd locks below,
The briery copse—the hill that steals between—
How dear to meditation is the scene!

But chief the gloom of yon sequester'd dell
Deep as the fabled haunts where Dryads dwell,
Invites to thought: by many a mazy turn
Steep winds the path to it's remotest bourn,
The centre of the groves; where nought invades
The still unbroken twilight of the shades,
Save the cool whisper of the tumbling rill
Which from the shelvy side of yon hoar hill
Now caught, now lost amid th' obtruding leaves,
Foams down the craggy channel which it cleaves,
Then thro' the vale with mitigated force
Glides unperceived forgetful of it's source;
As one by ceaseless persecution worn,
Beset with ills, yet proof to fortune's scorn

Greatly retires, collected and resign'd, Nor casts one look of self-reproach behind.

Roll, gentle Naiad, roll thy stream secure,
The taintless emblem of a soul as pure;
And, ever as it flows, in duty say,
Whose hand entic'd thy vagrant tide to stray
Wide of it's wonted bed, and proudly pour
Down the tall cliff, thy boundary before?
Who o'er thy banks in wild luxuriance gave
Those pendent boughs to wanton in thy wave,
And with the magic of inventive taste
Redeemed this fair creation from the waste?

Nay, let the pious bard with pride confess
Himself indebted to that hand no less,
That fostering hand that beautified the glade,
Prun'd into shape and thicken'd into shade,
Vouchsaf'd alike his shapeless youth to mould,
And guard it's blossoms from the blasting cold,
By virtue's rules it's moral growth defin'd,
And purg'd from vice the canker of the mind.

Yes, let the careless eve contented trace, Nor search beyond the glare of outward grace; There's not a charm, these pensive walks impart, But speaks some useful lesson to the heart, More deeply grav'd, more eloquently told, Than aught in philosophic page enroll'd. For who you smiling hamlet can survey, The rising farm new-rescu'd from decay, The church-way path repair'd, the warm clad poor, The garden fence that skirts the cottage door, Where now the widow'd dame forgets her tears, And gives to prayer the remnant of her years-Who can unmov'd survey? what breast so dark But at the sight would catch a kindred spark. 'Till rous'd and bursting into brighter fires It glows, it burns to be what it admires? Or who, that treads these venerable groves, Feels not an honest transport as he roves, And in these domes reveres, but yet bewails The mute retreat that powerless virtue veils? Where toil reposing, wakes to woe no more, And self-rewarded spares the public store .-

Ye powers of freedom, whom my soul adores,
Pride, Honour, Faith—that once these haughty shores
Arm'd and embellish'd, let it not be told
From patriot claims that Britain could withhold
The hard-earn'd wages of successful pains
Borne for her sake; then plunder'd of their gains;
That chas'd to private shades by factious hate
Hastings unhonour'd shar'd a Scipio's fate;
And left, like him, in characters as just,
"Ungrateful country"* carv'd upon his bust—
It must not be—hence inauspicious thought!
Thus hope prophetic sets despair at nought.

"Genius of Daylesford—friend to worth deprest,
Where science adds a dignity to rest,
Where grace and sage morality combine,
Still shall their due prerogatives be thine:

^{*} In allusion to a bust of Mr. Hastings, in the possession of the Marquis of Lausdowne, inscribed after the manner of the tomb of Scipio Africanus, with these words, "Ingrata Patria."

Still shalt thou rise; and fair betide that hour,
Which gilds thy shades with glory, rank, and power,
Too long o'ercast, thy dim horizon clears,
Pours on the plains, and all the landscape cheers;
Flowers of unfading bloom thy banks attire,
Thy porches swell, thy pinnacles aspire,
And beams of mild benevolence afar
More widely blaze from thine ascendant star."

Enough—For injur'd innocence to plead,
To point to merit and assert the meed,
To wail, or deprecate a nation's shame,
Which e'en redress so late can scarce reclaim,
Daylesford, thy shades inspire—to thee belong
No partial bard, no mercenary song,
No Muse who blushes to recount thy praise,
For truth and friendship justify the lays.

AN

ELEGIAC POEM,

ADDRESSED TO

EDWARD IMPEY, ESQ.



ELEGIAC POEM.

Sed totam hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors
Abstulit. O misero frater ademte mihi.
Tu mea tu morieus fregisti commoda, frater:
Tecum uná tota est nostra sepulta domus:
Omnia tecum uná perierunt gaudia nostra,
Quæ tuus iu vitâ dulcis alebat amor.
Cujus ego interitu totâ de mente fugavi
Hæc studia, atque omnes delicias animi.

CATULLUS.

THROUGH these lone walks, and desolated bowers, Scenes of my careless youth in happier hours, From waste to waste perplex'd and lost I roam, And trace, but faintly trace, my wonted home. So chang'd, alas! deserted and decay'd

That scarce the Dryads own their native shade;

But weep their fleeting glories in the wane,

And yield to solitude the sylvan reign.

Hush'd is the vocal dome; no sprightly sound Of tuneful stop, provokes the mazy round: The giddy sport, the rapture unsupprest, The toil alternate, and the balmy rest, The short-liv'd cares, that ever at their birth By quick transition brighten'd into mirth, The fire of early zeal, the liberal flow From soul to soul of mutual bliss and woe, All, all are fled, and can I still forbear In bitterness to think that such things were?

Dear early partners of my infant years, Source of my pleasures past, my future tears, Friends of my youth, on whom my soul relied, Brothers, by more than kindred ties allied, For you I mourn; most cherish'd, most deplor'd, Both fled afar; one ne'er to be restor'd! For me—few traces left of bliss enjoy'd,
No prospect onward, but a gloomy void,
What now remains, but on the world's wide stage
Friendless, forlorn, to waste my prime of age?
Unnotic'd, unemploy'd; or if in aught
The object of a momentary thought,
Perchance to brook the cold insulting phrase
Of feign'd compassion, or unmeaning praise.

Yet not of all.—Unpitying world! let those
Thy bounty crave, who in thy faith repose:
Enough for me that still a few there are
Who share my griefs—'tis all I have to share;
Friends with the will, if not the power, to raise,
Whose favour fires me, and whose counsel sways:
Foremost of all—forgive the wish too free—
Hastings—my soul aspires to number thee:
Belov'd, rever'd, from childhood as my sire,
Guide of my steps, and patron of my lyre,
Thy patience prov'd by the severest test,
Thy wrongs by all allow'd, by none redrest,

Thy calm philosophy, thy soul sedate,
Amid reviling crowds serenely great,
Teach me alike to combat with my woe;
Ah! could I war like thee, and triumph so!
Yet pardon, that alone thy wrongs I name,
And bid th' historic Muse thy deeds proclaim:
They trumpet-tongued for just renown shall plead,
And future patriots envy, as they read.

Sad themes to feebler elegies belong,
And milder virtues grace the moral song:
Thou or retir'd, or at a nation's helm,
Canst sweeten social life, or save a realm;
Meek, when exalted, dauntless when opprest,
Canst smile at tempests, in thyself at rest;
And teach mankind in either state to prize
The conscious mind that cheers each sacrifice.

But the stern Wisdom to itself severe
Steel thy firm heart, and check the starting tear,
Yet, touch'd by weakness to thyself unknown,
Thy bosom bleeds for sorrows not its own.

Weep then with me, as when o'er Eliot's grave* Thou bad'st the never-dying cypress wave: Nor scorn the tribute not less duly paid To early worth, that flourish but to fade; Ah me! too soon to fade, while yet the bloom Of hopeful youth announc'd a better doom, Else had his virtues rais'd one trophy more To grace the good, the glorious name he bore; But fate forbad.—To sultry climes a prey, Snatch'd from his home, and weeping friends away, 'Midst hordes unknown, beneath whose ruthless skies Clos'd in a foreign grave my brother lies! No parent's hand his parting pangs allay'd, No sister breath'd a requiem to his shade,

* See Mr. Hastings's beautiful imitation of Horace, ode xiii. book 2.

An early death was Eliot's doom,
I saw his opening virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade: I bade the stone
Record his name, 'mid hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

No brethren rang'd along the dreary way Held the black pall, and led the long array: 'Reft of it's dearest dues his injur'd bier Unheeded pass'd, nor drank one kindred tear.

One only friend—just Heav'n the deed requite!
One only friend perform'd the solemn rite;
Mourn'd o'er his ashes with a father's care,
And bade the stone a fair memorial bear
Of modest worth, that late aspires to fame,
In all the fragrance of a spotless name.

Dear, generous bard! whose breast congenial knew
To prize the virtues, which it harbour'd too;
With artless grace their tuneful meed to pour,
And by thy practice recommend them more;
Oh! let me bless again thy pious aid,
Nor leave my debt of gratitude unpaid;
On all thy tender acts of bounty dwell,
On all I strongly feel, but feebly tell.—

And shall my Muse in profitless despair Still faltering cease th' allotted task to share? Ah no! for who his merits should attest

But he who felt, rever'd, and lov'd them best;

Shar'd all his thoughts, observ'd his growing worth,

And saw his embryo virtues blossom forth?

What time array'd in friendship's early guise,
Warm from the heart the generous passions rise,
His guileless soul no sordid interest knew,
Firm to each trust, unalterably true;
Slow to solicit, eager to impart,
His liberal hand accorded with his heart:
His was the wish by continence refin'd,
And e'en that wish denied, he ne'er repin'd,
Nor idly gave the selfish sorrow vent,
But gladly shar'd or yielded with content:
His gentle voice, that knew no harsher tone,
Rever'd the menial's feelings as his own;
Attracted, sooth'd, with kind complacence won,
And each domestic lov'd him, as his son.

His ripening years no tyrant vice defil'd, Still were his pastimes innocent and mild; Life's bouyant tide ran chasten'd thro' his yeins. Nor e'er to riot gave the slacken'd reins, But taught his well-pois'd element to gain That golden mean, which sages preach in vain. Yet tho' the milder virtues calm'd his breast, Valour within her ample throne possess'd: A foe to broils, unpractis'd in despite, Bold and determin'd in defence of right, Of blushing diffidence a sample rare, Of soul unblemish'd, as of favour fair, Of manly mind, e'er manhood yet began, Blameless to God, benevolent to Man, Such was his youth, so clos'd his speedy race, A world of worth in life's contracted space. And could not all retard th' untimely blow, Nor foil the fatal shaft that laid him low? Was there no guardian pow'r to interpose And spare a mother's tears, a father's woes?

Ah! hapless parents! doom'd at life's decline In thwarted hope's keen agony to pine, Was it for this, that worn with anxious care,
Ye wearied heav'n with many a bootless prayer?
For this in dread suspense of hopes and fears
Eked out the remnant of your waning years?
For this the pains of age regretless bore,
Rebuk'd the tedious days, yet pray'd for more,
And fondly wish'd, with a parental eye,
Once more to gaze upon his face, and die?

How prone to err, how ignorantly blind,
Is all the vaunted foresight of mankind!
While thus ye mus'd, unconscious of his fate,
Vain were your dreams, and all your prayers too late;
For he ere then had reach'd the peaceful urn,
His long, last home—ne'er fated to return.

Ah! then, farewel—all-hallow'd be thy rest,
And light the soil that presses on thy breast,
Thou noblest youth! thou gentlest, and thou best;
Farewel the fond desire, indulg'd in vain,
With thee to tread these wonted paths again;

Together pause o'er many a tale re-told Of all our boyish feats achiev'd of old; And all our years of tedious absence o'er, Here to repose, here meet to part no more.

Rous'd by that strain, remembrance idly strays.

From objects present to departed days;

With boundless range each opening scene reviews—
Each opening scene some past delight renews:

Till forms from Time's oblivious waste retriev'd,

Cheat the fond sight that strives to be deceived;

Each pulse accordant throbs with livelier youth,

And fiction half re-kindles into truth.

From yon bold steep that overlooks the vale,
Wide was the view, refreshing was the gale;
There oft' we paus'd to guide the roving eye
Where to the East the sloping uplands lie;
While many a spiry turret rose between,
Park, forest, heath, and cultivated green;
Then nearer mark'd the rising smoke betray
Where the close-shelter'd neighbouring hamlet lay:

Thence homeward turning to the southern steep,
Whose waving outline intercepts the deep,
Clos'd in those narrow bounds we smil'd to view
Our little world, nor dream'd as yet of new;
Unseen, unheard, beyond, the billows roar'd;
Oh! had they still been ever unexplor'd!
Oh! had ye ne'er resign'd a state like this
In blind pursuit of visionary bliss!

For why, since few the sweets that life bestows
By self-inflicted ills diminish those?
Enough were ever ample, if we knew
Th' ideal good to balance with the true,
And thence discern, where'er ambition tends,
How vague her means, inadequate her ends;
How blest the mind, whose temperance needs but these,
Health, freedom, innocence, domestic ease!

To dear domestic pleasures, now no more, Still let me turn, tho' hopeless to restore; Still, Memory, still indulge the soothing strain, Dwell on the past, and dream of bliss again. Oft' has you aged Oak's o'er-branching shade Yielded the kindly covert when we play'd; Beneath their shelt'ring arch secure and warm Oft have we mark'd the pelting of the storm; Or strove with rival speed, and ready sleight Foremost to mount, and gain the nodding height: Or lowlier oft', when studious hours inspir'd, Beneath their cool umbrageous boughs retir'd We sat us down; nor felt the lapse of time, Lull'd with the music of some heavenly rhyme.

But all is silence now: Farewell the song,
The shady bench, the mute attentive throng
Farewell! No more I'll woo the fairy dream
By poets fabled at the wizard stream;
Nor in these twilight shades embosom'd feel
Congenial peace upon my senses steal.

For no retirement can exclude the din That loudly raging storms the breast within; No lulling gale, still shade, and sky serene, Can on the soul impress the peaceful scene: Far different then, while yet unus'd to woe
Pure as the breeze the unfetter'd spirits flow;
All objects then from the beholder's sight
Imbibe the borrow'd colour of delight;
The landscape glows in livelier tints array'd,
And wilder wood-notes warble in the glade:
But as advancing years their tribute bear
Ot grief, or sickness, want, and withering care,
Each source of bliss embitter'd turns to pain,
As the fresh stream, that mingles with the main.

For in itself the pregnant mind contains
The latent seeds of pleasures and of pains,
Whose gross external instruments alone
From her derive their temper and their tone;
Themselves incapable, at her controul
They touch the chords that vibrate to the soul;
By fancies varying with her wayward will
Enhance the good, and aggravate the ill,
And o'er the breast, as different passions warm,
Assume the power to torture or to charm.

Yon decent Farm, that crowns the circling mead, Where scatter'd flocks and lowing oxen feed, And deck'd in mantling vines, and woodbine gay With hospitable front adorns the way, There were we wont to share the rustic cheer Earn'd by the patient labour of a year: There the quaint jest, and antiquated tale, The frothy can replete with flowing ale, And many an uncouth catch and rude essay Of antic feat prolong'd the genial day. And haply too-for youth is ever free-We led the dance, and caught the general glee; Handed the cup, and fram'd some homely strain To hail the season, and exhort the swain; While oft some heavy guest with simple truth Heap'd many a blessing on our dawning youth; Or breath'd in silent yows a sober zeal, And smil'd foreboding of our future weal.

Vain, empty prayers! prediction rarely true, From past felicity to argue new! Life's early promise smiles but to betray,
Like the short snatches of an April day;
Fair breaks the Morn, till gathering clouds combine,
And twilight thickens, ere the Sun decline.

Yet turn again; that lowly bower survey,
Whose quivering oziers o'er the waters play;
Rear'd by our hands the darling fabric there
Grew into shape, and own'd our fostering care;
And oft' our playful industry repaid
With the fresh zephyr and the noontide shade;
For there we lov'd the luring bait to throw,
And patient search the peopled stream below;
Or plunge beneath the wave, or thither guide
The light skiff dancing on the ruftled tide:

Hard by with pendent shrubs and rocky steep
A little Island rises o'er the deep:
Romantic Fancy paints in fond review
The busy plots which there my Childhood drew;
Whene'er intent the mimic war to wage
We nimbly strove with counterfeited rage,

These from the deck with active leap to gain
The slippery bank, those struggling to maintain:
E'en now the clamorous rout, the splashing oar,
The white sail flapping on the leeward shore,
All the rude sports that bustled o'er the isle
Crowd on my thoughts, and force a tearful smile.
A tearful smile is all I can bestow
On objects once so dear, so bitter now.

What boot they now but this sad truth to trace,
That I survive, the remnant of my race;
In vain my lost companions to deplore,
To hear their voices in the waters roar,
Or near the accustom'd grove their forms descry,
Pictur'd in wild Imagination's eye?

For all surviving relics of delight

Are but the faint recorders of it's flight,

Aid but our woes, or feebly charm at most,

Like shipwreck'd trophies rear'd upon the coast,

That lowering o'er the deeps they grac'd before,

In sad memorial mark the fatal shore.

O vain Prosperity! thou specious curse, Whose transient sweets embitter thy reverse, Better at once thy treacherous cup forego, Than by the draught unnerv'd await the blow.

Yet, yet forbear, irreverently vain,
Heav'n's all-disposing Wisdom to arraign.
All human bliss is borrow'd, not our own—
Why rail, if Providence resume the loan?
E'en our regrets from Heav'n's indulgence flow;
Were good withheld, it's loss we ne'er should know:
Then rather bless that unexhausted store
That for each blessing past, can lavish more;
That chastening hand, on Mercy still intent,
That first suspends, then smooths the punishment.

Firm to that Faith my soul expatiates free, O'er-leaps each barrier, and reverts to thee, To thee the best resource that heav'n can lend, My latest hope—my Brother and my friend.

O ever present in my fancy's sight, My thought by day, my vision in the night, From thy kind hand I still may find relief,
And quaff the soothing antidote to grief;
Bare all my breast, and bid thee claim the space,
Which, but a Brother, who can e'er replace?
There let us both, forgetful of our woes,
In unreserv'd security repose;
And, as yon elms their ivied arches throw,
Conspire, conform, and to each other grow,
There friendship shall assert his ample reign,
And round us twine th' indissoluble chain.

Impatient of the bliss my Genius hails
Thy glad return. Arise propitious gales,
Speed the swift bark, and crowd the swelling sails.
Welcome! thrice welcome to thy native soil!
The genial hearth, the fond parental smile
Await thee still, and bless thy cheerful home
With large reserve of comforts yet to come.

No more the torrid sun's unhallow'd ray Shall waste thy rifled vigour to decay, Whether he blazes in his fiercest noon, Or gleams infectious in the dank monsoon: Here milder planets temperately glow; No scorching blast, but gales that gently blow, Salute thy cheek; beneath thy way-worn tread Springs the fresh verdure of the daisied mead.

These woods a soft deciduous foliage wear, With grateful change to recreate the year; Their safe retreats, and unmolested shades No savage din of hungry yell invades, Nor in the grassy path, and rustling brake Lurks the fell tiger, or the hooded snake.

What the of thee no freighted vessels weigh From Ganges eastward bound to far Cathay, From rich Bahar, and Lanka's* fragrant hills Waft the dull opium, and the spicy quills; And speed in noxious traffic o'er the main Increase of luxury, the public bane;

^{*} Lanka is the mythological capital of Ceylon.

Tho' at thy call no proud retinue wait,

No gorgeous equipage of eastern state;

Nor listless apathy thy spirits drowse,

Nor foul intemperance pour the full carouze;

What tho' nor millions heap thy swelling hoard,

Nor the gemm'd goblet sparkle at thy board,

Yet purer joys to Pageantry deny'd,

Yet sweet content ill-forfeited to Pride,

And every bliss, whose homelier sweets combine

To cheer life's lonely vale, may still be thine;

Thine native freedom, peace, and vigourous health,

And easy competence, for restless wealth:

These at thy wish a liberal father's store

Will freely give; Thy temperance needs no more.

These are the bounds that skirt Life's golden mean;
Pride soars beyond, but Wisdom rests between;
For these, full many a year of toil and pain
Too late reclaim'd, Ambition sighs in vain;
And all her dreams of shadowy joys o'erpast,
This solid good confesses at the last.

But thou betimes the moral truth attend, And boldly dare begin where others end, What all by late experience learn to prize, Who first enjoys, is providently wise.



OUR NATIVE SOIL,

A PARAPHRASED TRANSLATION

OF A

LATIN POEM,

ENTITLED

"NATALE SOLUM,"

BY THE LATE

EDWARD. VENABLES VERNON,

STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

WHICH OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S PRIZE AT THAT UNIVERSITY, A. D. 1804.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.



DEDICATION.

I MAY venture with the greater confidence to solicit your Grace's acceptance of this Dedication, as the only motive which urges me to present it will necessarily transfer the whole of your attention from myself to an object of the nearest and most natural concern.

The composition, which is honoured by so flattering an introduction to the public, can advance no stronger title to that distinction, than that it bears testimony to the merits of a beloved and lamented son.

The affection which I bore, in common with all his cotemporaries, to the regretted author of the Original, first induced me to offer this tribute to his memory.

DEDICATION.

Nowhere could it be dedicated with greater propriety than to a Parent whose early instruction and example were, under Providence, the chief source of the many virtues and amiable qualities which conciliated and secured that affection.

By authorizing me to annex the Original Poem, your Grace has supplied the only just criterion by which the comparative merits and defects of the English imitation can be appreciated, and at the same time materially advanced the value of my publication, not only by the benefit of so important an accession, but also by the opportunity which it has afforded me of acknowledging the obligation thus conferred on,

Your Grace's

Most respectful and obedient

Humble Servant,

E. B. IMPEY.

OUR NATIVE SOIL.

WHENCE the fond Passion, whose endearing band Links in each clime the native to the land,
What secret impulse bids his bosom burn
To guard with arms, with science to adorn,
With wit to polish, cultivate with toil,
And live or die devoted to the soil,

I sing.—The source and glory of the song,
Lamented Vernon, to thy shade belong;
'Tis mine in homelier numbers to attire
Thy thoughts, and strive to emulate their fire:
Too soon, alas! ere it had reach'd it's blaze,
Quench'd was that fire, and wither'd were thy bays;
Or ere thy weeping country yet could feel
Half thy dear loss, unaided by thy zeal,
Which else had realiz'd that generous rage
Whose pledge survives recorded on thy page:
Fate grudg'd the rest.—Peace to thine honour'd urn!
Thou to thy task, reluctant Muse, return.

First of this Truth, howe'er Enthusiasts deem, Be warn'd (and Proofs shall certify the theme) That of her sons whate'er a Nation claims Of love that melts, of interest that inflames, Of pride that stimulates, from Heav'n acquires No inborn heat, no preternatural fires; For what in Man instinctive force we call, Is one gross principle diffus'd thro' all.

Less mark'd in some, but common to the kind, And to each stage of life alike assign'd; Not so our Country's love.—Explore it's source— In Childhood ere her intellectual force 'The Mind hath yet attain'd, or Reason taught Of good or ill to estimate in aught, In vain we seek it-No regret detains The infant banish'd from his native plains; Grant but his nurse, his food, and wonted toys, He knows no change, nor feels decrease of joys: For Memory still to trivial cares confin'd Leaves no severer vestige on his mind; Not as if torn from the parental breast Where all his plaints were hush'd, his wants redrest; For Nature then had dictated his woes. His Country's love from tardier habit flows, And none e'er yet bewail'd a blessing lost But measur'd the privation by the cost. Here Use Affection's latent source supplies, And sways the mind by more than natural ties,

Sweetens of life's sad cup the bitt'rest lees And gives e'en Want ability to please.

Heed but the proof.—In barbarous realms, that lie
Beneath the terrors of a tropic sky,
Where the swart star's unmitigable blaze
Preys on Mankind, and dwindles half their days,
Cayenne's pale tenants as securely boast
The sickly product of that feverish coast,
As if mild Nature had exhausted there
Her choicest stores, and breath'd the sweetest air.

Whate'er diversities in man are seen
Th' effects of clime in temper and in mien,
Of this all mortals share an equal dole,
On Afric's deserts, as beneath the Pole,
Where to the blast Siberia's forests groan,
And frosts eternal block the Northern zone,
The tracts of Winter—whose unblest domain
Ne'er blush'd with fruits, or wav'd with golden grain;

There nor embower'd in ivy-tangled groves Sad Philomela chants her storied loves; Nor flowers their breath to panting zephyrs fling, Or weave the many-colour'd robe of Spring; Nor rich Vertumnus there delights to twine Round the tall elm the purple-cluster'd vine: Yet there contented with his little store, And amply rich in ignorance of more, The fur-clad Savage dwells; there train'd to toil He claims no tribute of the thrifty soil, But forc'd by hardier exigence for food, Roams the bleak mountain and besets the wood, Nor quits the chace, though brooding storms amain Swell the loud gust, and pour the sheeted rain; With grim delight he eyes the wintry waste, And laughs to mark the havoc of the blast; 'Till hous'd at length he hails his lowly shed, The frugal diet, and the rushy bed-Blest e'en in Poverty! for such before His brave forefathers unrepining bore, And such, like them, his heart exults to own, And prize beyond a palace and a throne.

Nor think the bliss alone we hold most dear, But all our chief regrets are center'd here: For each past blessing leaves a craving void, In due proportion to the sum enjoy'd. Mark the poor Exile—friendless and forlorn, Torn from his home, to distant regions borne Far, far away. Why o'er his faded cheek Rolls the big tear? and spiritless and weak Life's pulses flutter—with a longing cast His eyes reverted linger to the last, Nor homeward cease, tho' now remote, to roam To the lone threshold, and the widow'd dome; Whilst the thick sobs, that at his bosom swell, Scarce yield an utt'rance to the last farewell; Say, does he mourn his peril, or disgrace, His forfeit wealth, the ruin of his race? Ah no! still nearer griefs his soul engross; E'en Honour here 's a secondary loss! Spoil'd and bereft at one disastrous blow Of all Life's charms (for Use had made them so) Friends, kindred, home—dear hospitable bowers! Scenes of delight in more propitious hours-

Alas the change! all lost, abandon'd now-This heaves his breast, for this his eyes o'erflow. For this resorting to the lonely shore Frequent he listens to the billowy roar, Broods o'er his fate, and gazing far, bewails The waves that part him from his native vales. Or in some close sequester'd glade retir'd Dreams of past years, and pleasures long expir'd: There as in pleasing solace of his pain He bids the lute or vocal reed complain, If chance a stray note's accidental fall Some long-remember'd melody recal, Some well-known strain that once could charm, before His ruthless country spurn'd him from her shore, Then bursts the sigh, then tears in torrents roll, And grief's insatiate tide o'erwhelms the soul. A like emotion, but compar'd to this Less strong we feel, of mingled pain and bliss, Whene'er those lov'd abodes return to view Within whose tutelary walls we grew From boy to Man. The sports, the studious shade, Streams where we bath'd, and meadows where we stray'd,

Delight us still. So fares his labouring breast, Tortur'd, tho' pleas'd, reliev'd, but still opprest.

Yet more; by plainer evidence to shew Not all his cares from cross'd ambition flow, Free from the stings of indigence and shame The rich and prosperous sustain the same; There are, who self-exil'd unbidden run To distant shores, beneath another sun. And crown'd with fairer auspices explore Thy banks, O Ganges, and thy plains, Mysore. Bent on superfluous gain for this they pine, For this life's best societies resign-Domestic ties, fond friends, a smiling band, And all the free-born blessings of the land: Yet these, tho' fann'd by Fortune's fickle breeze O'erfraught with wealth, and surfeited with ease, Tho' idly grave, or indolently gay, Glides the smooth tenor of their years away, E'en these full oft' in bitterness of mind Sigh for those humbler joys they left behind,

Revolve the past, compare the present scene,
And wish too late the change had never been:
Oft 'mid the revels of the social board
That proudly groans with orient dainties stor'd,
A tender thought intrudes—with care opprest,
All speechless sits the melancholy guest;
Strives unobserv'd to steal a hidden sigh,
And check the tear that glistens at his eye.

Oft too in dreams unreal forms arise,

And scenes long vanish'd from his waking eyes;

The kind associates of his earlier years,

His parents bath'd in venerable tears

Stretch their fond arms, and feebly seem to say;

"Whither, ah whither would'st thou madly stray?

"Ah why for visionary joys forego

"Substantial good, and barter bliss for show?

"Why quit the path, that straight to Peace conveys,

"To roam in Care's inextricable maze?

Rous'd by grief's counterfeit he wakes to weep,

And feels confirm'd the warnings of his sleep,

Then burns with new desire to feed again His longing eyes with sights belov'd in vain.— In vain! for ah! to intercept the scene Huge mountains rise, and oceans roll between.

These truths allow'd, the last remains, to prove The livelier impulse of our Country's love. On foreign sands by winds and billows cast Wide of his course, yet safe in port at last, Say what allures the mariner again To brave the perils of the boisterous main? Worn with long voyage, and breathless from the seas Here might he rest, here live and die at ease, But that his restless mind, still homeward bent, All comfort spurns, a stranger to content; None but his native cot can these afford: Fir'd at the thought, anon he springs aboard, And with unfitted hull and shatter'd sail Stems the rough surge, and buffets with the gale: What tho' athwart the broad Atlantic deep Fierce squalls from equinoctial tempests sweep,

Yet forth he fares, and struggles undismay'd
Thro' countless toils—and deems those toils o'erpaid,
When from aloft his eager eye descries
The first faint land-mark in the distance rise.
Then to his own lov'd tenement restor'd,
The busy household, and familiar board,
From his own hearth he feels the cheering blaze,
There pleas'd recounts the feats of former days,
And lull'd to slumber, where no storms molest,
On his own couch he lays him down to rest.

Such, all-assuasive Custom, such thy skill
Each good to mend, and compensate each ill;
Whence in all states, in ev'ry clime and age
Peculiar claims the Patriot's aid engage:
For this the Warrior's arm, the Sage's toil,
The daily peril, and the midnight oil,
By different means conspiring to one end,
The public weal embellish and defend.

Such were the strong incentives that of yore Fir'd the brave race that Rome and Athens bore. Both flourish'd long by native valour stay'd, 'Till Patriot Worth with Liberty decay'd.

O thou with Freedom blest beyond compare, Auspicious Isle, the warlike and the fair, Mother of Arts and Arms, Britannia, say Whence is thy power that bids the world obey? Whence are thy sons as much for zeal renown'd, As thou with famé above all empires crown'd? Not that to furthest realms thine out-stretch'd hand Jove-like extends the sceptre of command, That with the spoils of many a signal day Half India's provinces the war repay; That trophies rear'd in naval pride record On ev'ry coast the triumphs of thy sword; That Gallia's flag revers'd, ignobly waves To flush thy heroes, or adorn their graves; That smiling Commerce every sail expands To waft thee wealth from all the vassal lands, And bids thy Thames in lordly state survey Sole paramount, the tribute that they pay-These are thy glories, matchless Isle, yet these Poor in themselves, collaterally please;

For all thy pomp at home, thy fame abroad,
Were worthless as the praise when slaves applaud,
But that a firmer base thy power sustains,
A proud exemption from despotic chains;
That thou, of all the nations, thou alone
Unaw'd by foreign Laws, rever'st thine own;
That pois'd by Justice and confirm'd by might,
Thou guard'st the Subject's and the Monarch's right,
Whose just obedience and sage rule evince
A free-born People and a generous Prince;
That spite of wars, thine independent reign
Internal Peace and Policy maintain.

NATALE SOLUM.

UNDE hominum sese insinuans per pectora cunctos
Ducit amor Patriæ, cur hanc mirarier unam
Hanc colére agnoscant blandâ dulcedine capti
Hanc studiis ornare ardent, armisque tueri
Expediam, ut potero, paucis, causasque docebo.

Illud enim in primis moneo, et dabit ipsa fidem res, Nequis inexpletum Terræ natalis amorem Affectusq; animi tantos divinitùs ortos Credat, et ingenitos humanis mentibus esse; Quippe quod ingenitum est, id vitæ tempore in omni Prodat se indiciis manifestis usque necesse est: At verò queis ridet adhùc puerilior ætas, Et nondum maturi habilis vigor ingenii vim Explicuit docuitque vices dignoscere rerum, Non illi, consueta modò sibi cætera restent Gaudia, non illi patriis excedere flentes Sedibus, aut tenerâ virgo quasi matre relictâ Concipere inde solent memori sub mente dolores. Quare non istà hæc fierì ratione putandum est. Sed potiùs quia consuetudo pectora mulcens Vi tacità quâdam regit, et prædulcia fingit Omnia, et arcano mentem devincit amore.

Atque adeò indiciis fas hoc cognoscere certis Est tibi; nam positas sub iniquo sidere terras Si quis, et immitis semper patientia cœli Barbara regna colat, nihilo tamen ardet in illis Segniùs, et toto hæc miratur pectore, quam si Divitias Natura suas profuderat illic Passim, et floruerant anni ridentis honores: Quid Libyæ memorem semper ferventis arenas,
Quid porrò regionem illam, quà frigore semper
Fama est occludi cœlum intractabile, fines
Propter Hyperboreos gelidique Carambusis undam?
Illic nec latitans hederæ Philomela sub umbrå
Dulce melos resonat, nec verno tempore flores
Lætifici pingunt, nec odora rosaria terram;
Non oleæ segetesq; vigent, nec vinea fætu
Purpureo, aut redolet pomis felicibus arbor.

Sed modico assuetus semper patiensq; laborum Incola difficilem vitam colit horridus, inter Terribiles iras aquilonum, et turbine nimbos Crebro incumbentes, et inhospita flabra procellæ. Ille tamen patrio victum de more petitum Exiguosque lares et tecta mapalia cannâ, Pauperiemque humilem in consuetis sedibus, ante Auratasque domos; atque ante palatia regum Ponit, et his felix penitus sibi plaudit in agris. Quò magìs haud aliâ credas ab origine nasci Mirandum patriæ semper ridentis amorem.

Porrò infelicis mentem sævi unde dolores Exulis exaniment, quò tantum vulnere corda Percita succumbant, cùm jam natalia fletu

Rura miser, charosque lares et limina nota Linquit, et extremum vix edit denique lingua Deficiente Vale-sedes cur respicit illas Pallida perfusus guttis rorantibus ora? Scilicet haud illum subeundæ infamia pænæ Tantum dura movet, nec sæva pericula terrent. Non agri neque mordet opum jactura suarum, Sed quôd cuncta sibi puncto videt unius horæ Mutari, cœtus hominum, et consueta locorum, Ruraque quæ toties lætus peragraverat, et quas Longa dies animo notas adjunxerat ædes: . Hoc est quôd gemitus hoc quôd suspiria surgant. Ergo errans tacitus peregrino in litore tristes Ille suos animo casus, et flebile fatum Usque adeò meditatur et in deserta recedens Avia, præteritos lustrat non immemor agros; Atque ibi vocali mulcens vel arundine curas, Vel docto citharam pertentans pollice, notum Attigerit si forte melos memorataque quondam Carmina (cum pulsus nondum natalibus arvis Esset, et incolumis staret fortuna suorum,) Tum vero lacrymæ fluere et concussa moveri Pectora, et exoritur luctûs miranda cupido.

Et velut anteacti forsit lustrantibus ævi

Tempora, si quando subeant loca dulcia nobis Quæ pueros fovere, atq; in queis lusimus olim Limina, perfusas illà dulcedine mentes Mixta subit tacito quòdam mærore voluptas, Ille suo haud aliter multum indulgere dolori Gaudet, et æternum pascit sub pectore vulnus.

Neve feros ideo credas crevisse dolores Quod sibi fracta domûs tantum fortuna labascit, En tibi qui terras alio sub sole jacentes Finibus avecti patriis, melioribus ultrò Auspiciis petiere; vides ut sæpe dolorem Corde premant tacitum, quamvis arrideat illis Usque adeò fortuna favens, placidoque tenore Semper eant miseris immunes luctibus anni: I, pete quos stimulans amor irrequietus habendi: Impulit, ut Patriam, placidæq; domestica vitæ Gaudia posthabeant cupidi, et conquirere summas Enitantur opes, uberrima regna Mysoræ Inter, et assiduis sitientes solibus Indos. His tamen his etiam videas quam sæpe recursans Prædulcis Patriæ mentem contristat imago, Quosque reliquerunt sedes mirantur, et alto Multa recordantes secum sub pectore versant. Ergo illis etiam media inter festa, dapesque

Lætificas, turbari animi, tristique dolores Fronte sedent, tremuloque micant in lumine guttæ.

Sæpe etiam in somnis, si vera est fama, relictæ
Ante oculos astare domus, astare videntur
Cætus amicorum, et perfusi fletibus ora
Sæpius amplexus blandos inferre parentes:
Audiri et voces—" Heu! quid speciosa sequendo
"Deserere hæc properas multum majoris habenda,
"Atque per ambages frustra palare, viarum
"Inscius, et studio circumvectaris inani?"
Ast illi somnis miserum trepidare fugatis
Continuò, et miro corda accenduntur amore,
Antiquas iterum patrum convisere sedes,
Atque oculos dulci specie saturare suorum—
Nequicquam! quoniam stridens immitibus undis
Distinet Oceanus, tractusq; immanis aquarum.

Denique jactatus sævuum incumbentibus Euris
Navita, cum portus tutos et littora tandem
Attigerit peregrina, quibus consistere fessus
Et reliquum incolumis vitæ decurrere posset,
Dei age, quid patriam perstat conquirere? dic quid
Tranat Atlantæi fragili rate magna profunda
Æquoris, et quanquam violento turbine venti

Omne salum persent, pluviis e nubibus atrox Tempestas glomerata ruat, tamen ille minaci Credere se cœlo, pelagisque sonantibus audet? Nimirum noto rursus requiescere lecto Dilectosque ardet curam lustrare penates—Hoc pro tot cœli mariumque laboribus unum Expetit, hoc animo multum prægestit apisci.

Usque adeò assiduæ vis consuetudinis ingens
Efficit, ut mirâ quâdam dulcedine cunctos
Ducat amor patriæ, penitusq; ardere sub altis
Mentibus, et toto dominari in pectore possit.
Ergo etiam et studiis hanc exornare laborant
Semper, ob hanc animas certaut effundere letho.
Sic olim Graiæ gentes sic maxima Roma
Egregià viguere diu virtute suorum.

At Tu, quanto alias felix Brittannia gentes
Laudibus exsuperas, tanto magis et tibi prolem
Obstrictam ingenti studio et pietate fideli
Optima mater, habes: Non, quod maria omnia circùm
Ingenti premis imperio, quòd litore in omni
Tot tibi navali surgunt ex ære tropæa;
Non quòd longinqui domitis a finibus orbis
Eoas submittat opes tibi discolor Indus

Non tuus ingenti Thamesis quòd fluminis undâ
Convecta extremi excipiat commercià mundi—
Sed quôd sola tuis servilia vincula natis
Demere, quôd sancto legum moderamine nôsti
Imperium validum firmare; quôd omnibus æquum
Consulis, atque acres populos cum rege potenti
Concilias, quôd amica tuis laté otia regnis
Et dulci instauras sub Libertate quietem.

THE SYLPHS;

OR,

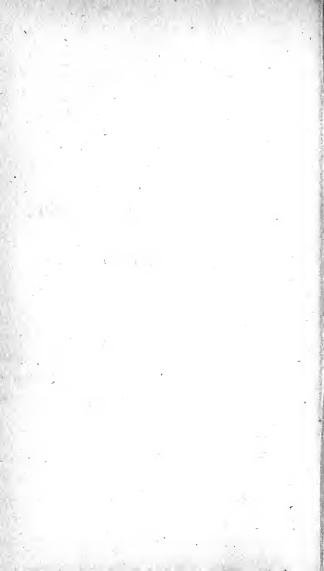
THE ROSICRUCIAN ISLAND.

A DRAMATIC POEM,

INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF WHOSE FAMILY IT WAS ORIGINALLY COMPOSED.



PREFATORY EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND.

My DEAR SIR,

THE following composition, which has already, in manuscript, been favoured with your acceptance, will, I hope, in its enlarged state and typographical dress, preserve it's claim to your approbation.

That approbation indeed it is which has stimulated me to attempt extending to a more numerous class of juvenile readers that mixture of entertainment and moral instruction which you have deigned to consider as not unserviceable to your family.

I have been further prompted to this design by an ardent wish to record in some way, the feelings of my gratitude for the encouragement bestowed by your late inestimable lady upon this little drama, which, as it was once in some degree made conducive to the exercise of those virtues where she shone unrivalled, may now with peculiar propriety be presented as an offering to her memory.

That I have had recourse to the dramatic form as a vehicle for pleasure and improvement, is in conformity with the opinions and practice of many great and learned men in all ages, who have judged colloquial writing to be exclusively well adapted to the purposes of education; and the liberal and enlightened professors of that great national institution, where it is my pride to have passed my earlier years, have always admitted it among other means for advancing the knowledge, and enlarging the intellects of their pupils.

With these examples before me I have felt myself perfectly warranted in the conveyance of moral sentiments through the medium of Fable; but my responsibility reaches only in this case to the propriety of execution; the ground-work of the piece being borrowed, as will at once appear, from the Isola disabitata of Metastasio, though with some considerable alterations.

The merits of this Poem had already called forth the exertions of an English translator, with what success it is not for me to pronounce: but I can with the most rigid adherence to veracity assert, that I owe no obligations to his previous performance: and certainly he who can taste and feel the elegant simplicity and enchanting pathos of the Italian original, is under no necessity of consulting its translation.

I have taken from Metastasio as Metastasio took from Nature; not with the mere servility of a copyist, but varying, embellishing, or adding to the plot, scenery, and accompaniments, as best suited the particular effect I wished to produce. The most material deviation from my author consists in the entire addition of the Lyric Dialogue, which comprehends the machinery and furnishes the Title to my Drama.

For as I have written principally for the young, I thought it of importance not to reveal the whole play of the more energetic passions, nor too feelingly to anticipate those emotions which experience will one day teach them.

I have, therefore, preferred Supernatural Agency for the developement of my plot, and have by these means the additional advantage of introducing to their notice, or furthering their acquaintance with, the imaginary beings so fancifully represented by Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope. It is an acknowledgment due to the great masters of this style to confess, that whatever is here attempted contains little else than allusions to the idiom and attributes of their aërial creation, and to refer my young readers for more satisfaction to the study of the Tempest, of Comus, and of the Rape of the Lock.

The Fairy world has peculiar attractions for those whose attentions I wish to engage, and the idea of such invisible interferences may lead to better impressions of an over-ruling Providence at a more advanced stage of life.

In the mean time it excites Wonder, a very powerful agent upon the tender minds of youth; and by encouraging questions, leads them on step by step to the acquisition of general knowledge.

I have, therefore, purposely, and even industriously multiplied my references to classical literature, and the delightful stores of Mythology, of which they will thus acquire a certain tincture almost imperceptibly, and without losing sight of the main interest of the piece.

Every instance, therefore, of this sort, may be con-

sidered as a lure to their improvement, through the medium of their curiosity.

On the success with which I may have executed my plan, I presume not to determine: your approbation suffices for my own satisfaction. But I have also other authorities, among which it is impossible but that I should advert to the assistance I have derived on a late revisal of my little work, from the advice and amendations of a Gentleman whose character in the Republic of letters has been acquired by the most meritorious efforts, whose extensive abilities shrink from no competition with our best modern writers, and whose mature experience enables him to weigh them in the scales of most impartial criticism, Richard Cumberland, Esq. who to the voluntary trouble of superintending and directing the progress of my composition, has added the invaluable favour of his private friendship to the author.

However gratifying might be the success of this little Essay, the literary honour that can attach to such

a trifle is with me but a secondary consideration. My first wish in this instance, is to testify the warmth of my attachment both to living and departed Worth, by the zeal with which I embrace the opportunity of exhibiting how much I am distinguished by your countenance, and with what sincerity I subscribe myself,

Dear sir,

Your obliged and affectionate,

E. B. IMPEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALVARO,

OLIVIA.

Julia.

ARIEL.

ASTRAPHIL ZEPHYRET SYLPHS.

CHORUS OF SYLPHS.

Moors.

The Action is supposed to pass in an Island inhabited only by Olivia and Julia.

The Scene represents on one side a Grotto surrounded with plants, and on the other, a large Stone bearing an imperfect inscription.

THE SYLPHS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Ariel, Brilliants, Zephyret, and Chorus of Sylphs.

ARIEL.

GUARDIAN Sprites, aerial band, Sylphs of this enchanted land, Elbowing her rocky shore Right against the Giant roar, Which from Oronoko's mouth Raves and thunders to the south—Sightless myriads, ye who rule Hill and dale and glassy pool,

Level sands and vaulted caves Hollow'd by the scooping waves, And what else these fairy glades Hold embosom'd in their shades-Say-for at your high controul Wand'ring stars obedient roll Thro' the trackless void of Night-Have ye read their course aright, Where on blazing tablets wrought, In rays from bright Hyperion caught, The fates of you deserted pair, Register'd and cipher'd are? Weary days and months and years Spent in unavailing tears, Till the sovereign powers relent-Bitter, bitter banishment!

ASTRAPHIL.

Sol, the planet whose career Measures the revolving year, Twice six circling orbs hath trac'd Round the wide æthereal waste, Since these rocks, till then unknown, Echo'd first Olivia's moan.

Time the destin'd course hath run:

Ne'er again yon rising sun

From his mid-day path shall wane

Sloping to the western main,

Ere the compass of their woes

Reach the limit, where they close.

ARIPI

Well thy reck'ning hast thou cast.
Still, or ere this day be past,
Much important work remains
In completion of our pains.

ZEPHYRET.

Name the task.

ASTRAPHIL.
Whate'er thy will—

ARIEL.

Listen Spirits—and fulfil.

Lo! to Libya's torrid realm

Points a gallant bark her helm,

Mann'd with pirates, and aboard Vanquish'd by that lawless horde, Many a captive Christian wails—With the rest—Alvaro sails.
Which of all my winged train Westward o'er th' Atlantic main With a glancing meteor's force Hither will divert her course?

ZEPHYRET.

Mine are all the winds that fly
From each quarter of the sky,
Stormy Typhon, at whose roar
Rolling surges lash the shore,
Staid monsoon, that day and night
East to west, his constant flight
Half the live-long year doth hold,
Hence Etesias nam'd of old—
These obsequious to my call
Throng the dark Æolian hall:
Mounted on their wings I go
Swift as Iris on her bow.

Were the course from pole to pole, Clear of every rock and shoal Safe the painted bark should ride Spite of current, gulf, and tide.

SONG, Zephyret.

Like the Lark on airy wing

I soar and sing,

Melt in floods of liquid light,

And fade and dwindle from the sight.

ARIEL.

Hie thee hence;
The rest awhile
Hover round the magic Isle;
Leagu'd with me, your airy chief,
Here to minister relief
Some from misty vapours drain
Showers that swell the golden grain;—
Some the trickling dews, that gleam
In the pale moon's silver beam;
Others quench the shaggy sparks,
Scatter'd as the Dog-star barks,

Ere they scorch the tender shoots,
Drink the sap, and parch the roots.
Some from Ocean's hidden store
Heave the sparkling gems ashore,
Crystal clear as molten snow,
Pearl, and coral's crimson glow;
Or whate'er of costlier stone
Drops from Amphitritè's zone;
Some on Earth preside unseen,
Haunt the thicket—range the green;
There to mortal sight betray
Where abides the wily prey;
Point the shaft—and dip the hook
In the lake and rushy brook.

SONG, Ariel.

Sylphs, your offices ye know—

Now your flickering pinions ply—

Orb in orb, above, below:

Follow, follow, where I fly.

[The Sylphs dance and Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

What can all-conquering industry withstand?
Rude is this tool, unpractis'd is my hand;
A surface hard these stubborn rocks afford,
Hard as his heart, whose falsehood they record:
Yet lo! my labour verges to its end.
And O ye pitying powers, my wish befriend—
Grant me but life—I ask no longer date—
To close this work, then speed my welcome fate.
And should some wanderer from his native home
E'er to this wild unpeopled region roam,
This poor but faithful monument shall tell
How long I languish'd, how unjustly fell.

[She approaches and reads the inscription.

- " By false Alvaro on this coast expos'd,
- " Her wretched days here lost Olivia clos'd.
- " Stranger, if chance direct thee to this tomb,
- "Pity, but seek not to avenge" (my doom)

'Tis well—but two short syllables remain
In plaintive cadence to complete the strain.
Now to my task——

SCENE III.

OLIVIA, JULIA.

JULIA, hastily.

Oh had I wings to fly!

OLIVIA.

Say whence the joy that sparkles in thine eye? What hope of rescue?

JULIA.

Scarce herself for glee

Thy Julia comes to share her bliss with thee.

OLIVIA.

What bliss, alas! can o'er my cares prevail?

JULIA.

Nay, mother, would'st thou listen to my tale-

OLIVIA.

Thy pardon-

JULIA.

Sure thou hast observ'd erewhile
The ceaseless object of my weary toil:
Lost in these woods, the fav'rite fawn I bred
Long have I trac'd in vain—and wail'd as dead;
But as this morn betimes I chanc'd to cross
Yon tangled glen, still pondering on my loss,
Aside I turn'd, and there my Sylvio found
Fast by his antlers to the thicket bound:
I chid the little vagrant for his flight,
Then hither hasted breathless with delight.
But thou art mute.—

OLIVIA.

E'en trifles light as these Can raise a transport in the mind at ease.

JULIA.

Seems it a trifle to have thus restor'd My constant care, the partner of my board? Pleas'd at my side he skipp'd in wanton play, Fed from my hand and on my bosom lay: A tender nursling by my bounty rear'd, Whose artless gaiety my fancy cheer'd; A lost companion to my arms return'd—Is this a trifle worthy to be spurn'd?

OLIVIA.

Heav'n guard thy innocence!

JULIA.

O rather pray

The pitying saints thy torments to allay.

What! must those eyes with tears for ever stream,

That tongue still dwell on sorrow's melting theme?

Be comforted.

OLIVIA.

Ah! whence should comfort spring?
Ten times the tedious hours on lazy wing
Their annual orb have fill'd, and twice again
Trac'd the broad compass of the starry plain
From goal to goal, since that disastrous day,
When first abandon'd to a traitor's sway
A living grave I found—here hopeless left,
Of all life's genial intercourse bereft,

Friends, kindred, home, of all but thee, my child, By whose assuasive tongue tho' oft beguil'd My sorrows pause, yet doubly they return When added to my own thy wants I mourn.

JULIA.

Alas! what wants? survey this fruitful plain;
This laughing Isle, the loveliest of the main:
Queen of whate'er this little empire yields,
O'er every beast, that crops the flow'ry fields,
Thy sov'reign power extends—thy subjects they,
And all the feathered tribe thy rule obey:
No force nor tyrant laws thy will withstand,
Nor curb thy free dominion o'er the Land,
For thee the mellowing clime unbidden show'rs
The fruits of Autumn, and the vernal flowers;
These plants in Summer yield delicious shade,
These caves a roof, when wintry storms invade:
Earth, Ocean, Air, contribute to thy store;
What can thy boundless wish solicit more?

OLIVIA.

Ah me! thy bosom feels no craving void, No taste for pleasures, never yet enjoy'd; For know, thy cruel sire had fled the shore,
When thee, sad native of this isle, I bore:
Poor babe! I rang'd the forest for thy food,
Lap'd in soft flowers, and cradled in the wood;
Hence no regretted sweets thy fancy warm,
But all thy wishes to this state conform:
Whilst, ah! 'tis mine for ever to contrast
With present ills the blessings that are past.

JULIA.

Yes, oft I hear thy partial voice deplore
The lost delights of Europe's happier shore,
Her wisdom, wealth, pre-eminence in arms—
To me far dearer more congenial charms
These unmolested solitudes bestow.

OLIVIA.

Of bliss unfelt the price thou ne'er canst know.

JULIA.

Yet in those vaunted climes what fears perplex Where men abound, the terror of our sex! Oft on their falsehood have I heard thee dwell.

OLIVIA.

O far more false they are than tongue can tell.

Fierce, unrelenting, treach'rous, and unkind, Whom neither prayers can melt nor duty bind, Nor faith, nor friendship in their breast resides, Nor love, that all things vanquishes besides.

JULIA.

Of them at least no dread pursues us here,
But, ah! thou weep'st afresh—that starting tear,
Those heaving sobs my forward zeal reprove.
Could aught suffice in earnest of my love—
Ask what thou wilt, command whate'er is mine;
Dry but those tears, and Sylvio shall be thine.

· OLIVIA.

Cease, Julia, cease; could aught assuage my pain,
Thy winning accents should not plead in vain,
But this sad bosom bears a lasting trace
Of wrongs which no condolence can efface;
Forbear the task—I would not seek relief
By spreading the contagion of my grief:
Thy wonted mirth resume; thy smiles repair,
Nurse thou these bowers, and tend thy favourite care.
Let cheerful toil thy loneliness atone:
I go to weep unheeded and alone.

SCENE IV.

JULIA.

Strange, that no limits should her grief confine! Oft I entreat, remonstrate, and repine, Sooth and caress-but all without avail Fruitless alike my varied efforts fail. Nay, oft increas'd affliction they renew, And in her eyes awake the pearly dew; Till mine the feeble converts of her woe Touch'd with congenial tenderness o'erflow. Aid her ye saints! meanwhile be mine the care Each needful toil contentedly to bear, To pluck from clustering boughs the luscious food, Troll the clear current, and beset the wood, To draw fresh water at the gushing well; Then pen my flock or trim our leafy cell. But first, (for 'tis enjoin'd me to descry If aught in prospect of relief be nigh.) Once more I'll mount von cliff's projecting side Whose top for many a league o'erlooks the tide:

What tho' my straining eyes full oft have trac'd In fruitless search th' immeasurable waste; Tho' oft with prayers I've woo'd the sullen deep, And linger'd long, and late return'd to weep; Yet Hope by disappointment ne'er subdued Still haunts the devious path in vain pursu'd.

Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Chorus of Sylphs.

WHO from Ocean's wat'ry plain Hither steers his course amain? Now in circling eddies whirl'd, With his floating robe unfurl'd, Now on even pinions buoy'd, See he cleaves th' ethereal void. Sylphs, 'tis he—I know his flight; Eyes that glisten with delight, Smiles that dimple on his cheek, Force an audience ere he speak.

SCENE II.

Enter ZEPHYRET.

CHORUS.

Welcome brother Spirit—hail! Bearer of a joyful tale.

ZEPHYRET.

From beneath the burning zone Like a comet have I flown, All is done, and not a jot Of my special charge forgot.

SONG, Zephyret.

I.

O merry, merry, merry's the race that I run,
More swift than a beam from the tropical sun
I perch'd on the mound
Of Old Atlas, and found
The world on his shoulders go giddily round.

II.

Then I dive like Orion, and rising like Mars, Newly dipp'd in the Ocean outrival the stars, While mortals protest,

As I blaze in the west,

'Tis a comet, predicting war, famine, and pest.

ARIEL.

Bravely said.—Thy tale pursue——Where's the ship, and what the crew?

ZEPHYRET.

Into yonder sheltering cove Straight the gallant bark I drove, Where she rides securely moor'd, With the Christian slaves aboard. All save one.

ARIEL.

- Be brief, relate

What imports Alvaro's fate.

ZEPHYRET.

In you boat he steers ashore.

ASTRAPHIL.

Free or captive to the Moor?

ZEPHYRET.

As a hostage, held in ward, By a strong and wary guard, Yet conspiring to re-gain Freedom lost.

ARIEL.

Is all in train?

Are the Christians sworn to aid?

ZEDUVRET.

Long ere now the plot was laid; They th' unguarded ship subdue, Ere returns the parted crew.

ASTRAPHIL.

How then shall Alvaro, say,
Learn the fortune of the fray?

ZEPHYRET.

He th' eventful signal waits

From his bold confederates.

ARIEL.

Vain were all the powers of man, Did not heaven assist the plan. Well ye know, my Sylphs, 'twas I Rais'd this quaint conspiracy. For each human thought we guide, We o'er all their acts preside. Which the blind misjudging tribe Falsely to themselves ascribe. Haste (we) then-let all attend Our unfashioned plot to mend. First the Moors, who near at hand With Alvaro sail to land. (Haply bound to yonder rill, There their gurgling jars to fill) These disperse about the coast-Seize the boat-or all is lost. To this end your forms ye must Mould to shapes of earthly dust; Or in airy phantoms rise— Scare their ears, and charm their eyes; Harpies here-Chimæras there-Then like grim Medusa stare— Next entice with Lamia's spell, Or as whelping Scylla yell; Then with notes of softer fall Straight the melting soul enthrall; Such as tuneful Mermaids pour, Or Arion's lute of yore,

When he calm'd the halcyon tide
On the Dolphin's back astride.

Away—away—myself with potent charms
Will guide Alvaro to Olivia's arms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

JULIA.

Distraction! terror! whither shall I fly?

How trust the doubtful witness of my eye?

Lo! there! methinks amid the billowy roar

A sea-born monster journeys to the shore;

With wings out-spread, that catch the wafting breeze,

At once it flies and swims across the seas.—

Nearer it comes—while dash'd from either side

Leaps the white surge, and foams the ruffled tide.

What is't?—How now?—What forms are these at hand?

Lo! how they crowd, and press upon the strand!

Soft—they disperse—but one among the train

Draws near apace; I tremble to remain,

Yet have no force to fly—this friendly grove Shall yield me shelter.

(She conceals herself.)

SCENE IV.

ALVARO.

Whither do I rove?

To what new climes by restless fortune borne,

For ever doom'd to wander and to mourn?

JULIA.

A human voice—if right the sound I caught Sure 'tis a man's—I shudder at the thought— But hark again—

ALVARO.

Go-lost Alvaro, go-

None heed thy grief-

JULIA.

It is the voice of woe-

How sweetly plaintive!

ALVARO.

Yet what matters where?
No tender spouse my liberty to share;
Bereft of her—why labour to be free,
Since life itself's a slavery to me?

JULIA.

See how he weeps! the winds disperse his words; But with his tears my melting soul accords. Soft! I'll approach—Ah what a goodly mien! If such are men, how injur'd have they been! How much belied!

ALVARO.

Yet—yet forbear my fears—

One ray of hope the gloomy prospect cheers—Be freedom mine, you vessel next I gain,
Each coast survey, and traverse all the main,
Search every sea-girt isle from shore to shore,
Fate, tho' she lingers, may my loss restore.
Then will her smiles my banishment atone,
Dry every tear, and recompense each groan.

JULIA.

What new-born transport in my bosom creeps, Joy when he smiles, and anguish when he weeps.

MOORS (from behind.)

Ho! Christian, ho!

ALVARO.

The Moors! I must obey-

JULIA.

How now? he starts.

ALVARO.

What's this that thwarts my way?

My native characters! what is't I view?

(Sees the inscription.)

My name engrav'd, ah me! Olivia's too!

(Reads.)

" By false Alvaro on this coast expos'd

"Her wretched days here lost Olivia clos'd"-

Oh! my foreboding heart! this fatal shore,

This was the place—from hence the Ruffians bore

Her captive spouse, all guiltless of her grief,

She thought me false—she died in that belief.

JULIA.

What can this mean? his eyes distracted pore On you sad marble—

ALVARO.

Hold! here's something more,

(Reads.)

"Stranger! if chance direct thee to this tomb,
"Pity, but seek not to revenge——"
Death froze her hand, and stopp'd th' imperfect strains,
Here let me lie, where rest her dear remains.

(Throws himself on the ground.)

JULIA.

I can no more refrain—my fears give way. Zeal drives me on—I tremble and obey.

(She comes forward.)

Stranger arise, behold assistance nigh.

ALVARO.

Whoe'er thou art, in quiet let me die, Here will I grow, nor quit this fatal stone, Till thou and I, Olivia, shall be one. Moor! I revolt—thy fetters I disdainAffection rivets me-and here's her claim.

Olivia-lost Olivia!

(Embracing the marble.)

JULIA.

Why that name

So oft bewail'd?

ALVARO.

For ever shall the same

Dwell on these lips.

JULIA.

Spurn not my proffer'd aid,

No Moor accosts thee, but a simple maid.

ALVARO, (discovering Julia.)

Ha! what art thou? belike some guardian power Prophetic warner of my destin'd hour? Speak then the future—thou must know the past, May death-dissever'd souls unite at last? Olivia—breathes she? may I find her? tell—Lifeless—or lost—I bid the world farewel. Her doom be mine! to perish or survive, I wait thy word—

JULIA.

Heav'n guard her long alive.

ALVARO.

Alive! is't possible?—that word again— That little word repairs an age of pain—

JULIA.

Know then she lives—if living death be life, Not half herself—a lost deserted wife.

ALVARO.

She lives, she lives! O speed me to her sight-

JULIA.

Why throbs my pulse? Ah! whence this new delight?

ALVARO.

Nay, tarry not-'tis torture to délay.

JULIA.

My heart misgives me—wond'rous stranger, say Who art thou? Speak.

ALVARO.

A wanderer forlorn.

A wretched man, a prey to Fortune's scorn.

JULIA.

Out—out, alas! art thou a man indeed?

A very man? best fly-

ALVARO.

Alas! what need?

JULIA.

Yet will I trust thee too.—Tho' men I know

Are fierce and treach'rous—sure thou art not so!

Thy name?

ALVARO.

Alvaro.

JULIA.

More detested none-

Oft by my mother curs'd—and yet 'tis one Methinks I love—

ALVARO.

Thy mother didst thou say?

Till now distraction led my thoughts astray, Else had I crav'd thy name—

JULIA.

'Tis Julia.

ALVARO.

True-

It should be so—how like Olivia too!

One question more—Hast thou beheld ere now,

Or known thy sire?

JULIA.

'Tis thou, Alvaro-thou- (She embraces him.)

ALVARO.

My child! my child! thy father was most true.

JULIA.

I need no witness.

ALVARO.

Would Olivia knew!

JULIA.

I fly to seek her, yet, alas! I grieve

A tender sire so late restor'd to leave.

ALVARO.

Haste, haste, my child!

JULIA.

How hard to say farewell!

ALVARO.

We'll meet anon-here in this rocky cell

I wait thy coming.

Exit Julia.

SCENE V.

ALVARO, (musing.)

'Tis Olivia's grot.

How memory roves o'er objects half forgot!

P 2

Here in this cave, ave here Olivia lay Wrapt in soft slumbers, on that fatal day, When to this isle we came: off yonder creek Our vessel rode—by storms compell'd to seek This nearest shelter—luckless stars! 'twas then I left her all unguarded; to you glen In search of fruits I wander'd-lo! the place Where I was first assail'd-and now I trace Where dropp'd my sword—faint, wounded, and forlorn. Then far from thee, Olivia, was I borne. Bitter remembrance! Peace, my stormy breast! 'Twere good awhile within this cave to rest, Lest the Moors trace me-Ha! this way they bend, The wood's beset.-Now Heav'n my flight befriend. Exit, into the cave.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ALVARO.

OH! 'tis too much—I sicken with suspense,
Approaching raptures paralyze their sense.
Wild with impatience—still I dread to meet
Her first approach—How my heart-pulses beat!
Hark—I hear steps—not yet—revil'd! abus'd!
Ah! next to guilt 'tis death to be accus'd—

Enter ARIEL alone, beckoning with his wand.

SONG, ARIEL.

I.

If aught could in absence atone
The loss that ye mutually mourn,
'Tis the mem'ry of joys that are flown,
The hope that they still may return.

II.

But when hope is o'er-clouded with fear And remembrance awakens regret, When the future excites but a tear, And the past it were bliss to forget.

III.

What then shall in absence reprove

Each doubt, and each murmur atone?

'Tis the faith ye repose in your love,

The belief that ye weep not alone. [Exit Ariel.]

ALVARO.

Methought a voice—Haste! let me gain the cave,
Perchance the Moors——

SCENE II.

OLIVIA.

All things their period have.

The forest rots—stones moulder to decay— Streams quit their channels—shores are wash'd away. Not so my cares—no lenient change they know, 'Tis all a blank monotony of woe.

Time, that o'er others speeds in swift career,
To me stands motionless; my days appear
A neutral being, which the struggling breath
Owes less to life than to protracted death—
Which, but for thee, my child—

SCENE III.

ALVARO.

Vain fears away-

"Tis she.

OLIVIA.

Amazement!

ALVARO.

Stay, Olivia, stay.

OLIVIA.

That air, that voice, I cannot err.

ALVARO.

'Tis I-

Alvaro calls.

OLIVIA.

Hence, wretch! alas! I die. (She faints.)

ALVARO.

Olivia, wake, my love! my wife! I rave
In vain, she hears not—How? no aid to save?
Yonder I mark'd a brook, this way it lies—
What, leave her thus? One moment will suffice.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Chorus of Sylphs. Olivia.

ARIEL.

Sylphs approach, your charms prepare. Earth, and Ocean, Fire, and Air, Cite each element by name, Or to fan the vital flame, Or to roll the stagnant juice From the heart it's crimson sluice.

ASTRAPHIL. In this adamantine cruise Flash the many-mingled dews: Some from Aganippe's source, Where the fiery feather'd horse Lav'd his sides and brawny chest; These came trickling from his crest. These of bright nectareous hue Fresh from Hebe's cup I drew; Which like orient pearls I shower, With a spell of magic power, Soft distilling drop by drop On her lip and eye-lid top, Till her eyes Like April skies After sun-set cease to lower.

ZEPHYRET.
Fiery sparks that light the soul,
Such as once Prometheus stole;

Plumes, that strew'd the spicy nest
Which the dying Phœnix prest;
These I wave, and those I dart
Thro' the portals of her heart;
Fruits that vegetate in ore
On the blest Hesperian shore,
With the never-fading flowers
Hard by Saturn's crystal towers,
Amaranthus, and the bell
Of the golden Asphodel,

Now I crush,

Till a blush

Kindles at the balmy smell.

ARIEL.

Hold—ye do nothing with your charms,
Weak preservatives from harms—
In herself she hath a power
To withstand the torturing hour—
Conscience—to the good a cure,
Poison to the mind impure:

Taintless conscience, seraph-tongued In behalf of virtue wrong'd, Like the sweet Thrëician shell, Triumphs at the verge of Hell; Such is her supreme controul.

Mark! I hear,
She warbles clear,
Whispering comfort to the soul.

SONG, Ariel.

O Lady dear—awake—arise,
All thy weary cares are past;
See! to bliss thy longing eyes,
Thy lov'd Lord returns at last.
He shall teach thee soon to know
How the bliss exceeds the woe:
For thy lost Alvaro's sake
Lady dear, arise—awake.

SCENE V.

Olivia, Julia.

JULIA.

'Tis strange! I met my father as I pass'd-Breathless he was, and hurried on so fast 'Twas bootless to pursue—Such head-long speed Bespeaks the pressure of immediate need, Some danger dreaded, or some guilty deed. What would my fears suggest? A busy train Of vague suspicions rush upon my brain, Heaven grant them false. Ha! what a sight is here, A lifeless corse !- prophetic was my fear. This, this unravels all-O cruel sire, And hast thou thus achiev'd thy fell desire? But wherefore fly ?- return-thy work pursue, And glut thy vengeance on thy daughter too, Both sinn'd alike, for both alike relied On thy dissembled love. For this she died Pure, spotless saint!

OLIVIA, (reviving.)

Stay, faithless Phantom, stay.

JULIA.

Methought she spoke.

OLIVIA.

It melts-it flits away-

No vestige left.

JULIA.

She lives! Her powers restore,

Sweet Heav'n!

OLIVIA.

Return, or let me wake no more.

JULIA.

Nay, prythee cheer.

OLIVIA.

It was the charm of sleep,

Oft have I dream'd the like, and wak'd to weep.

JULIA.

Nay, 'twas no dream.

OLIVIA.

How! didst thou mark the sight?

JULIA.

Too plain, alas!

OLIVIA.

I fainted with affright.

Where is he now?

JULIA.

Ah! mother, fled again-

OLIVIA.

Impossible.-

JULIA.

I saw him speed amain.

OLIVIA.

I'll not believe—Thou know'st him not, my child; I mean Alvaro.

JULIA.

What! tho' once beguil'd,

Canst thou still trust him? Oh, he was untrue!

Thou said'st so once-now I believe it too.

Wretch! traitor! fiend!

OLIVIA.

Forbear-it cannot be,

He but delays.

JULIA.

I learn'd to rail of thee.

(A clashing of swords.)

ALVARO, (from behind.)

Yield thee, proud Moor-nay, struggle not.

OLIVIA.

What noise?

ALVARO, (from behind.)

I've wrench'd thy sabre.

OLIVIA.

'Twas Alvaro's voice.

JULIA.

Hark! hark again!

MOOR, (from behind.)

Hold, hold—I fall—I bleed—

ALVARO, (from behind.)

Thou would'st not yield, I'm guiltless of the deed.

OLIVIA.

Alvaro bleeds-no hope of rescue nigh.

JULIA.

List—what strange sounds.

OLIVIA.

Behold! they fly—they fly. (Music.)

SYLPHS, (from behind, singing.)

Hasson-Muly-Saddy-stay-

Hither? whither? hence away.-

(Several Moors cross the stage, making wild gestures,

and exeunt.)

ARIEL, (crossing.)

All is well—the plot's achiev'd—

Bold Alvaro-thou'rt reliev'd-

SCENE VI.

Olivia, Julia, Alvaro.

OLIVIA.

He comes, he comes.

ALVARO.

Kind Heav'n my bliss restores.

(They embrace.)

OLIVIA.

What's here? 'tis blood.

ALVARO.

Nay, fear not-'tis the Moor's.

Joy choaks my voice.

OLIVIA.

Sure 'tis to grief allied,

Both in extremes are mute and wat'ry eyed.

Yes, all my suff'rings past are nought to this, Bitter return of intermitted bliss.

JULIA.

How if you men?

ALVARO.

Fear not, they're fled or slain.

OLIVIA.

So long withheld—so nearly lost again!

Oh! my hard heart—how much was I deceiv'd!

I call'd thee false—I thought myself aggriev'd.

Canst thou forgive Alvaro?

ALVARO.

Pardon thee?

Thy fears were truth, thy chiding love for me.

JULIA, (kneeling.)

Father, forgive me too-I too revil'd-

ALVARO.

I do, I do, Heav'n's blessing on my child!

(A signal fired from the ship.)

Come, we waste words—that signal from aboard, Olivia, speaks my liberty restor'd.

OLIVIA.

Ah! my heart bleeds for all thy mis'ries past.

ALVARO.

Twelve years of slavery—but repaid at last,
Amply repaid.—No more—suffice to say,
Force, that now brings me hither, tore away
Thine husband from thy arms—what else befel
At Tunis, Fez, Algiers, I leave to tell
At more convenient leisure, for, behold!
A second summons—Yon fair flag unroll'd
Invites us hence, and see! a fav'ring gale
Springs from the shore, and strikes the flapping sail.

JULIA.

Father, lead on-

ALVARO.

Secur'd in yonder cove,

The pinnace waits-It wafts to Joy and Love.

OLIVIA.

With such delight the fainting trav'ller hears
Fresh springing fountains murmur in his ears;
Near and more near he views the waters burst,
And breathless runs, to quench his aching thirst. [Ex.

SCENE VII.

Chorus of Sylphs.

STROPHE.

Sea-born gales that gently sweep
O'er the broad Atlantic deep,
Rifling fragrance, as ye rove
From the myrrh and citron grove,
From the manioc and the maze,
And Anana's burnish'd blaze—
Haste, the swelling sails expand—
Waft them to their native land:
There, where Tagus proudly rolls
O'er his gold-bespangled shoals,
See she weighs—she tacks—she veers—
Eastward as the pilot steers.
Mortals farewell—nor Heav'n's high Will arraign,
Which but ordain'd a trial in your pain.

ANTISTROPHE.

Yes, 'tis our's to yield the meed To victorious worth decreed; Worth, that, all her ordeals past,
Ever triumphs at the last:
E'en tho' Fate protract the doom
Past the limits of the tomb.
Sylphs, 'tis done—we mount—we fly,
Airy tenants of the sky—
Hence afar a better home
Smiles in Kingston's happy dome.
There we'll tend a virtuous pair,
Valiant sons and daughters fair,
A matchless throng of gay benignant elves,
With kindred hearts as spotless as ourselves.

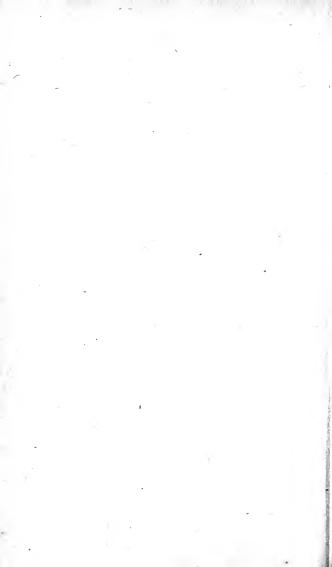
EPODE.

There beneath their feet we'll strew Flow'rs that never cease to blow, Such as sweetest breath dispense Of uncanker'd innocence.

There shall blush the richest bloom, Wrought in young Hygeia's loom:

There shall nature's power impart, Heighten'd by the touch of art,

Whatsoe'er of magic grace,
Thought can reach, or pencil trace.
Music there in choicest Measures
Still shall breathe convivial pleasures,
And filial love, and fond parental care,
Source of domestic bliss, shall harbour there.



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON,

A BURLETTA.

Mille domos clausere seræ; tamen una recepit Parva quidem.

OVID. METAMORPH. lib. viii. 1. 629.

Though every Stage debar access, No Manager can bolt the Press.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,

MERCURY,

NEPTUNE,

CHORUS OF WINDS,

PHILEMON,

PHILANDER, a Naval Commander, in love with Phœbe.

PLUTUS, a Country Banker.

THYRSIS, a Clown pretending to Phæbe.

Ucalegon Orion, an Irish Footman.

LADY PANDORA, wife to Plutus.

BAUCIS.

PHŒBE, daughter to Baucis and Philemon.

Myrtilla, Lady's-maid, in love with Thyrsis.

COUNTRYMEN, BAILIFFS, and CLERKS, attending on Plutus.

The Scene lies in a Borough Town on the Sea-Coast.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Curtain rising, discovers the Sea in a Storm, and a Ship firing Signals of Distress. The Winds arrayed like Sansculottes, sing a Fugue adapted to Wind-Instruments, with Accompaniments to imitate a Squall.

CHORUS. AIR-" Ah! ça ira."

BLOW bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Now we're free from bonds and fetters,
Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow
Round about, above, below.

What care we for friend or foe?
Rich or poor, or high or low?
Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.
Writs of Arrest and Bow-Street setters,
Judge and Jury we'll o'erthrow.
Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.
Though Daddy Neptune strut and crow,
We'll let the lousy lubber know,
How he ought to treat his betters:
He to a goose can scarce say Bo!
Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.
Jove's our Hector, our protector,
Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Enter NEPTUNE.

Duck him, souse! from top to toe.

SONG, Neptune. AIR—Handel's Water-piece.

Begone, decamp,
Winds dry or damp,
Get home dogs, tramp,
Or I'll your pinions cramp:

Who's he so stout
To face me out?
My power d'ye doubt
Your squadrons all to rout?
North, East, South, West
Sneak off you'd best;
To my authority
Yield priority,
Or I'll worret ye

Well:

What's old Æolus? Match'd with me a louse, Where's his real use,

Tell.

Hence begone,
Or else anon
My Trident's prong

Among
Your throng
Ding dong.

Obedience shall compel.

Hearts I'll shake, And bones I'll break, My power's at stake

> To make You quake And wake

Repentant sighs in hell.
See what foul weather
You've been a brewing;
Ships together
All go to ruin.
Billows dashing,
Timbers crashing,
In confusion dire!
Deluge pouring,

Tempest roaring,
All the sea on fire!

With rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble, Tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble, Jumble, jumble, jumble, jumble

Too:

You'll rue

This stew

And look prodigious blue.

With mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, Grumble, grumble, grumble, grumble, grumble, bumble, bumble,

Boo!
I'll do

For you

And all your ragged crew.

Begone once more:

Stint, stint your roar-

For Sea and Shore

There's now repose in store.-

If Æolus

Unbolt you thus,

Tell him from us,

He'll march to Tartarus.

My blows,

He knows.

SCENE II.

Jupiter and Mercury descend.

RECITATIVE.

MERCURY.

Uncle, your blessing.

JUPITER.

Ha! how fares it brother?

NEPTUNE.

So then, 'twas you kick'd up this plaguy pother!

MERCURY.

Aye—for 't must seem just as if, helter skelter, We drove ashore, and scrambled up for shelter.

NEPTUNE.

And left you seamen in the suds to welter!

DUETTO.

Air—Lay that sullen Garland by thee. Durfey, vol. i. p. 63.

JUPITER.

Routed from our starry palace, Now we try our luck down stairs; 'Safe at least from Juno's malice, Restless clack and jealous airs. MERCURY.

Me she cuffs and calls a Pander, Oft' as Daddy goes astray; He turns Bull, or Gold, or Gander, I'm belabour'd night and day.

BOTH.

Curse on these celestial jades.

Now we'll couple, now we'll couple,

Couple now with mortal maids.

JUPITER.

Who, when ranting housewives wrangle, Like a dolt would mope at home?

MERCURY.

Brats in leading-strings may dangle, Stout gallants should freely roam.

вотн.

Thus equipp'd for our experiment, no longer Gods, but Tars,

JUP. I Joe Thunder, you Mark Wherry.

MER. You

I

Wreck'd in storms, and maim'd in wars.

Power and pomp go hang, go hang: Now we'll swagger, drink and stagger Drink and stagger, swear and slang.

RECITATIVE.

NEPTUNE.

Good luck t' ye both.

[Exit Neptune shaking his fist at the Winds, who slink off, making the vulgar signs of defiance. Jupiter and Mercury step apart, as if to take leave of Neptune: and Philander enters on the opposite side not observing them.

SCENE III.

PHILANDER.

Here's a confounded rumpus!

In one short hour I've box'd it round the compass.

MERCURY.

What's this? a brother pickle?

JUPITER.

Him I mention'd;

Heir to these lands here.

MERCURY.

Faith he's had his drench on't.

PHILANDER.

Now stranded high and dry like some huge porpoise.

JUPITER.

Come, ere he sees us, let's go metamorphose.

[Exeunt Jupiter and Mercury.

PHILANDER.

Am I bewitch'd? Sure that's our church and steeple.

'Twere worse than drowning now to meet our people.

Old Plutus' avarice and Pandora's malice

Would go well nigh to drive me to the gallows.

[Re-enter Jupiter and Mercury, disguised as seamen.

JUPITER.

What cheer, your honour?

MERCURY.

Sous'd like us I reckon.

PHILANDER.

And no bad luck e'en thus to save my bacon.

G 3

JUPITER.

Wet death or dry, 'twixt famine and foul weather, What odds?

PHILANDER.

Here's that keeps life and soul together.

(Produces a bottle.)

TRIO. AIR-We be three poor Mariners.

We be each a mariner, late relics of the storm,

A voyage more sad or barrener did sailors ne'er perform.

Hurl'd by the winds around around around,

Where perils did abound abound abound,

We've toil'd and struggled far and near, and scarce at last made ground.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Now we rely on charity, Our pressing wants to cheer, Heav'n grant it prove no rarity, Or we must perish here.

ALL THREE.

Take hands my boys around around around,

No cares shall tars astound astound astound,

Secure of some assistance near, now we're on British
ground.

RECITATIVE.

PHILANDER.

Hark ye, my lads; D'ye see that house to larboard?

JUPITER.

Aye, like a first-rate moor'd and safely harbour'd.

PHILANDER.

There lives an arrant Shark, an old and hardy one, Plutus by name; who calls himself my guardian. Look out, while I steer clear. Be brisk and handy.

MERCURY.

A sweetheart-mum.

JUPITER.

Aye, aye, we understand ye.

PHILANDER.

Here's cash d'ye see.

[Exit.

JUPITER.

Well said, my brave commander— Phæbe shall strike to none, but her Philander.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Plutus's Office.

Enter Plutus and Philemon in earnest discourse. Plutus in his night-cap and morning-gown, surrounded with books of accounts, as if occupied in calculation. Philemon with parish books under his arm, and an ink-glass with a pen in it at his button-hole, as Collector of Rates and Taxes. A large board rests against the legs of the table, painted blue, and inscribed in gold letters, BANK FOR SEA AND LAND.

RECITATIVE.

PLUTUS.

I'll see to't.—Now for my new bank, Philemon,
There's more advantage in it, than you dream on.
Look ye, as you're Tax-gatherer and Church-warden,
You know our circulation to a farthing.
The king's and parish cash do you deposit
Snug in my hands: much safer than your closet:
Then draw my notes, and for th' amount you utter
You'll clear—d'ye take me?—Pshaw! what's that you
mutter.

SONG. AIR-The Clock had struck. Durfey, vol. iii. p. 25.

PLUTUS.

Zounds! Philemon, you're an old fool,
A baby's more fit the parish for to rule.

Join with me you dog, but mum,

We'll have the folks here under our thumb.

Cry down cash, Vow 'tis trash,

Now here, now there, now gone like a vapour;

Cram my notes

Down their throats,

Swear they'll never get rich but with Paper.

Paper, paper, paper, paper's the run—

Soon there'll not be a guinea left under the sun.

Go, collect your taxes quick,
Tell'em the king won't wait a week.
Bring all the guineas you can find,
Light or heavy, never mind.

If they run dry, .
I'll supply

All the parish; none can do it cheaper

Herd and flock, Stock and block,

I'll purchase all, and pay 'em down in Paper.

Paper, paper, paper, paper's the run—

Soon there'll not be a guinea left under the sun.

I'll pass my notes thro' thick and thin; You for rates and taxes take 'em in: Not a grain of gold all the country round, Plutus's bank must needs gain ground,

> Fields and farms Bought by swarms,

The parish shall be shoe, and I'll be the scraper;

For the job,

I'll your fob

Line with my dainty never-failing paper.

Paper, paper, paper, paper's the run—

Soon there'll not be a guinea left under the sun.

RECITATIVE.

PHILEMON.

Such cheating tricks are not for my connivance, Sure 'tis Old Nick's own rascally contrivance. [Exit Phil.

PLUTUS.

Well, go your ways, you stupid old curmudgeon; I'll prosper vet, howe'er vou take 't in dudgeon. And now for Phæbe-for to crown my wishes, They say my ward Philander's food for fishes. A lucky hit, it keeps my conscience under-Takes off my rival, and secures my plunder.

Exit.

SCENE V.

Philemon's Cottage.

Enter PHILEMON and THYRSIS.

PHILEMON.

Pshaw! man, how often have I said already That never yet faint heart could win fair lady?

SONG. AIR-Some time ago I married a Wife. 'Tis three score years since first I woo'd Old Baucis, and Baucis was then a prude:

Then I fail'd in my farm, and the matter to mend, My neighbours all pitied, but none would lend,

Not a friend

An ear to lend,

I thought my disasters would never end.

I had pigs, I had chickens, a horse, a cow,
But she died in calf, and I know not how;
My pigs caught the mange, and that rogue, sly Robin,
He rifled my purse, and rode off with dun Dobbin.

Couldn't help sobbing, Poor dun Dobbin!

Ne'er a nag in my stall, nor a groat my fob in.

My troubles, alack! I felt full sore,

But egad! I took courage, and toil'd the more;

For what were my pigs, my cows, my horses?

My cattle I lost, but I won my Baucis:

Blest with Baucis, A fig for all losses,

To be crossed in love is the cross of all crosses.

THYRSIS.

Why there's the rub: for to say true, your daughter Loves me, much as the devil loves holy water.

SONG. AIR-Burton's Hunt.

The first lass I tried, would have fain been my bride, And she say'd me the trouble to woo: I for variety and contrariety Made my best bow without further ado, My best bow without further ado. When to Phœbe I came, 'twas a different game; I sigh'd, and she turn'd up her nose; Talk'd of gentility, scarce with civility, Eved me tho' drest in my holiday cloaths, So spruce in my holiday cloaths. One mid-summer day we were tossing the hay; While she prattled, I fain would have romp'd-She with severity join'd to dexterity, Ups with her fork, and O Lord! how she thump'd, I ne'er was so cruelly thump'd. So there I lay flat; but no matter for that, Though I carry the marks to my grave, Thus taught sobriety and properiety, Nobody knows better how to behave, So prettily now I behave,

SCENE VI.

Enter BAUCIS.

RECITATIVE.

THYRSIS.

Where's Phœbe, dame?

BAUCIS.

Ar'n't you asham'd to ask it?

Gone to the fair.

THYRSIS.

Adzooks! I'll bear the basket.

Exit Thyrsis.

BAUCIS.

For all the world like us .- She'll rate him roundly.

PHILEMON.

He'll snatch a buss.

(Kissing her.)

BAUCIS.

And then she bangs him soundly.

DUETTO. AIR—O whistle and I will come to you.

BAUCIS.

Well-a-day! my dear Phil, 'tis a long time ago Since I call'd you my deer and you call'd me your doe. We were wed and had twins, rather sudden or so: But no matter how soon after wedlock you know.

PHILEMON.

Well-a-day! 'tis betwixt fifty years and three score, That together we've tugg'd at life's labouring oar;

BAUCIS.

We've spun a long span; could we spin as much more We'd twist true-loves tether as tight as before.

BOTH.

Time furrows the brow, and discolours the head,
As the snow-flakes that drift on the roof of our shed,
But love with the last vital embers is fed,
And our hearts are as warm as when first we were wed.

SCENE VII.

An Entrance-hall in Plutus's House.

Enter Myrtilla and Ucalegon.

RECITATIVE.

MYRTILLA.

Now should my lady ring, be sure you tell her I'm just stept out—that's a good-natur'd fellow.

UCALEGON.

Och! to be sure.

MYRTILLA.

For bobbin, tags, and sarsnet-

UCALEGON.

Nay, to mate Thyrsis, as you dream'd of last night.

MYRTILLA.

Take that, you blundering bull, you toad, you varmin.

UCALEGON.

Augh! laive off courting country teagues and car-men.

Must you naids wed, and can't be after waiting,

Here's swait Ucalegon wants no entraiting. (Salutes her.)

(A violent ringing and knocking at the door.)

DUETTO. AIR-The Christ-Church Bells.

MYRTILLA.

Hark! I hear my lady's bell,
'Tis a chime I know full well:
So fierce she tugs,
It stuns our lugs.
And she rings eternal, eternally.

UCALEGON.

Hark! the knocker out o'doors,

That ev'ry day at office hours

With swinging thumps

Cries stir your stumps:

Little Teague kaips running to and fro.

MYRTILLA.

Tingle, tingle, goes the little hand-bell.

Just like my lady's clack.

BOTH.

But I'll not trudge,

And I'll not budge

Till the doors and bell-ropes crack. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandora.—(Knocking continues.)

RECITATIVE.

JUPITER and MERCURY, (without.)

All hands ahoy?

PANDORA.

Here's a loud peal!

Re-enter UCALEGON.

UCALEGON.

No wonder,

Plaise you, my lady, 'tis one Mr. Thunder.

PANDORA.

Some Squire, no doubt, one of our neighbouring gentry, Go shew 'em up.

UCALEGON.

Och! here they force their entry.

[Exit Ucalegon.

Enter Jupiter and Mercury, singing, without appearing to observe Pandora, who ogles Mercury during the Duet.

DUETTO. Air—A begging we will go. Durfey, vol. i. p. 281.

JUPITER.

My name it is Old Thunder, I've weather'd many a gale,
Aboard the Royal Eagle late it was my luck to sail,
And a begging we will go, &c.

MERCURY.

A tedious voyage we've ventur'd, a voyage I've been full oft,

There's ne'er a lad can go below, or climb like me aloft, And a begging we will go, &c.

HIPITER.

The cares of Church and State, sir, we value not a louse, Nor any thought have we at all, but how to earn a souse! And a begging we will go, &c.

вотн.

Then who that 'twixt vexation and ease can weigh the odds Would chop and change the beggar's life to live like heathen gods?

And a begging we will go, &c.

RECITATIVE.

PANDORA.

Heigh-ho! my heart.

SCENE IX.

Enter PLUTUS and CLERKS.

PLUTUS.

Here seize on these rascallions.

PANDORA.

Spare the poor youth.

PLUTUS.

What for your private dalliance?

PANDORA.

Do, what you will, with that old sturdy sinner.

JUPITER, (aside to Mercury.)

To her-we'll stand our ground could you but win her.

MERCURY.

Dear ma'am make me your groom so spruce and spunky?

PLUTUS.

Shall I wear horns to please a powder-monkey?

QUARTETTO and CHORUS. AIR—Hunting the Hare.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Spare a brace of unfortunate mariners
Wreck'd d'ye see, for we scorn for to fudge,
Wreck'd while guarding Old England from foreigners,
Give poor Jack a snug birth, and ne'er grudge.

PLUTUS.

Hence be trotting, you beggarly vagabond, Hence be gone with your flimsy pretence; Zounds! I warrant you know how to drag a pond, Wire a hare, or jump over a fence.

MERCURY.

Tell, good lady, those fair-weather gentlemen, We defy little Bony to come, Lest, at sight of his fierce regimental men, They should faint at his Fee-fau-fum.

PANDORA.

There's a voice that might soften a Saracen, Eyes to ravish the heart of a nun; Prim'd with courage enough for a garrison, Fair as Phœbus and fierce as a Hun.

CHORUS.

PLUTUS AND CLERKS.

We've enough in all conscience of pillagers Poach our forests and plunder our flocks: Then, for warning to our silly villagers, Seize 'em, clap 'em both into the stocks.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

We be tars, neither poachers nor pillagers Come to plunder your forests and flocks; Woe to you and your clerks and your villagers, Thus for clapping us into the stocks.

PANDORA.

He is none of your ill-looking pillagers; Such clean limbs and such clustering locks, Worth a score of our lubberly villagers, Ne'er were made to be clapt into stocks.

[Exeunt on one side Jupiter and Mercury in custody, on the other Pandora in despair.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before Philemon's Cottage.—Baucis is discovered spinning.

To her, enter Phabe.

RECITATIVE.

PHŒBE.

RARE tidings, mother.

BAUCIS.

Sure the wench is crazy.

Has the sow pigg'd? or Roger got at Daisy?

PHŒBE.

All safe and sound.

BAUCIS.

Who? what?-our old stray gander?

PHŒBE.

La! mother, no-

BAUCIS.
What, Dobbin?

PHŒRE.

No-Philander.

DUETTO. AIR-M'ha detto la mia Mamma. MARTINI.

PHŒBE.

Dear mother, betimes this morn
They say the Captain landed;
He loves me if ever man did,
And that he has said and sworn.
Then who would put up with a Bumkin?
The very thought I scorn:
For this has a head like a Pumpkin,
And that's a gentleman born.

BAUCIS.

A gentleman! ay, for sooth,
A fiddle-stick's end, you hussy;
Why sure your brain must be muzzy
To take all he says for truth:

Then know the true length of your tether, Nor scorn a homely youth, With birds of a different feather, To shew a liquorish tooth.

PHŒBE.

Let every Jack have his Joan,

Let Thyrsis stick to Myrtilla,

That neither may wear the willow,

But each have a spark of her own.

(During the last verse Philander enters unobserved by Baucis, and interchanges signs with Phabe.)

вотн.

BAUCIS.

Get in, or I swear I'll be at ye, Go work at your needle and spin, If you are so froward and chatty, I'll break every bone in your skin.

PHŒBE TO PHILANDER.

Keep back, or I fear she'll be at ye,

And break every bone in your skin.

I own I'm dispos'd to be chatty,

So prithee good mother get in.

[Exit Baucis.

SCENE II.

SONG. AIR-Fairest Isle, all Isles excelling. Purcell.

PHILANDER.

Fairest maid, all maids excelling,
Arm'd with virtue, fraught with charms:
Port, where no rude storms are swelling,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Those bright eyes have more attraction
Than the Lode-stars in the Pole;
Signals hoisted out for action
Urge my breast with less controul.

Richest of all earthly prizes
To victorious arms decreed;
Source, whence all ambition rises,
Peaceful toil, or martial deed,
Still to earn the smiles of beauty
Pleas'd from clime to clime we rove:
High the wages, light the duty,
Offer'd at the shrine of Love.

RECITATIVE.

BAUCIS, (within.)

Phæbe, why Phæbe!

PHŒBE.

Coming-

PHILANDER.

Stop a minute-

BAUCIS.

Phæbe-

PHILANDER.

Confound your throat, the devil's in it.

PHŒBE.

I dare not wait.

PHILANDER.

One kiss, and so good bye t'ye.

BAUCIS, (entering.)

What! must I fetch you-Heigh-day! Hiti-tity!

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Plutus's House.—Enter Plutus and Pandora.

DUETTO. Air—Geary Owen. THE IRISH MUSICAL REPOSITORY, &c. p. 74.

PANDORA.

I'll have my revenge; for I'm not such a dunce But I know of your pranks, and I tell you at once I'll have none of your Phæbes kept under my nose: She shall pack up her alls—and off she goes.

BOTH.

PANDORA.
You silly gull

With brainless skull,

To dangle after such a trull.

I'll not sit by so contented and dull,
While you're so free to pick and to cull.

PLUTUS.

You noisy trull, You split my skull, You roar as loud as any bull.

I'll not sit by so contented and dull

While you're so free to pick and to cull.

PLUTUS.

Why, zounds! when I took you for better for worse,
Who'd have thought the grey mare was the better horse?
I married, 'tis true, for your ladyship's pelf;
Who the deuce would have married you for yourself?

вотн.

PLUTUS.

You peevish hag
You want a gag;
With you a precious life I drag.

PANDORA.

You paltry brag, You'd scarce a rag, Until I fill'd your money-bag.

PANDORA.

But set a beggar upon a nag He'll ride to the devil, and never fag. BOTH.

So now we part
With all my heart,
And I'll be ready first to start,
A truce to all disguise and art.

PANDORA.

You'll ring for my coach?

PLUTUS.

You may go in the cart.

BOTH.

And now—without the slightest pain, Adieu!—may we never meet again.

[Exit Plutus.

RECITATIVE.

PANDORA.

Well, though this brutish squire I've fail'd to wheedle,
To free the charming youth I've brib'd the beadle
At Harvest-home shall old Philemon treat him;
Where on the wings of love to-night I'll meet him.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Church-Yard. Jupiter and Mercury in the stocks.—

To them, enter Philemon.

TRIO. AIR-Of noble Race was Shenkin.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Is this your land of freedom,
True Britons thus to shackle?
No need of docks have we, nor stocks;
We're sound both hull and tackle.

PHILEMON.

Squire Plutus, by your favour, These lads you've been too hard on: But here's a key, shall set them free, As sure as I'm Church-warden.

(Unlocks the padlock.)

ALL.

So thanks to you my hearty,
We're clear from slips and bilboes:
We'd gladly share your harvest fare,
And rest our aching elbows.

PHILANDER.

Your hand, and yours, my hearty, You're clear from slips and bilboes. Come home and share my harvest fare, And rest your aching elbows.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter PHERE.

RECITATIVE.

PHŒBE.

Not yet return'd! 'Tis monstrous thus to tarry, I wonder how he'll treat me, when we marry.

SONG. AIR-Would you win the tender creature. HANDEL'S ACIS AND GALATEA. Woman, doom'd as soon as mated, Ever to be subjugated,

Haste, thy fleeting power employ: Why so quickly rashly barter Freedom's everlasting charter, For a little month of joy?

Short's the revel, long the fasting;
Who would be content with tasting?
Then set to, and freely feed:
Rule like tyrants unresisted;
Once in Hymen's corps enlisted,
Turn the wheel, obey and—breed.

SCENE VI.

Enter PLUTUS.

RECITATIVE.

PLUTUS.

By the Lord Harry! here's a lucky meeting-

PHŒBE.

My stars! the Squire!

PLUTUS.

Come, come, there's no retreating.

DUETTO. Air—Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse.

Durfey, vol. v. p. 298.

PLUTUS.

Grant my suit, and we shall become Debtor here, creditor there:
Take these notes; a precious sum!
Payable on demand.
You shall have a coach and four,
And of livery Jacks a score;
I've to pay them o'er and o'er
Paper enough in hand.

PHŒBE.

On these terms we ne'er can be Debtor here, creditor there; I care not for notes a flea Payable on demand.

PLUTUS.

Since you scorn my cash-account Debtor here, creditor there, Value I'll have without amount Payable on demand, PHŒBE.

Get you gone, you scurvy patch,
Or I vow I'll claw and scratch.
Here comes one, that's more your match—
He shall take you in hand.

SCENE VII.

Enter PHILANDER.

RECITATIVE.

Avast! sheer off, old Mammon,
What! not content to gammon
A man of every acre,
And leave his coffers empty?
What devil in hell could tempt ye,
Like an old crafty pirate,
My lawful prize to fire at—
Thus fore and aft to rake her,
And then to board and take her,
And be damn'd t'ye?

PLUTUS.

Philander! zounds! what ill-wind blew him hither?

Enter THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Heigh! here's a hubbub.

PLUTUS.

Out! you great Bell-weather-

PHŒBE.

So here are all my sweethearts met together.

QUARTETTO. Air.—A Tory, a Whig, and a moderate

Man. Durfey, vol. v. p. 321.

PHOTRE.

A captain, a squire, or a clown, I may chuse,

So by sea and by land

I have all at command:

But I know which to take, and which refuse.

PLUTUS.

Ere long both my rivals shall feel my wrath.

THYRSIS.

O too many cooks they spoil the broth.

PHILANDER.

Avast! ye land-lubbers, I'll buffet you both.

PHŒBE.

Philander my love shall be.

PLUTUS, (to Philander and to Thyrsis.)
As for you, my boy, you may take my word,
I'll write to the Lords of the Navy-board,

And you, sirrah! clown-

THYRSIS.

I'll crack your crown.

PLUTUS.

I'll have you sent down

To the county jail, for rent in arrears to me.

THYRSIS.

I care not a straw For you nor the law.

PLUTUS.

I warrant you'll sing to a different tune,

And that full soon.

ALL.

THYRSIS, (to Phabe.)

I'd have you to know I'm no poltroon.

Then chuse for your love, tho' he be but a loon,

The stoutest of all the three.

PHŒBE.

I'll chuse for my love neither squire nor the loon, The Captain's the man for me.

PLUTUS.

I'll have her in spite both of sailor and loon,
I'm richest of all the three.

PHILANDER.

We'll leave in the lurch both the squire and the loon, This way, my dear Phæbe, with me.

[Exeunt.

(Thyrsis drives Plutus out on one side, and Philander conducts Phabe on the other.)

SCENE VIII.

Enter MYRTILLA.

RECITATIVE.

MYRTILLA.

No Thyrsis yet! well! please the pigs, I'll match him. How I will worret him, when next I catch him. SONG. AIR—My Mistress is a Hive of Bees.

Durfey, vol. i. p. 158.

Just like a pin without a head

Are poor deserted women:

Or like a needle wanting thread,

Or gown with ne'er a trimming.

But flounce or frill we add at will;
In love the case far worse is:
No spinster's art can to my heart
Supply the loss of Thyrsis.

Λ cap, whose fashion lasts a day,
 A glass, too crack'd to gaze on,
 Λ shatter'd fan, an old bouquet,
 Λ short-liv'd demisaison;

True lover's notes turn'd papillots,
In spite of vows and verses;
All these once worn, perus'd, or torn,
Fare just like me with Thyrsis.

A waiting maid cashier'd of vails,
Or tradesman out of pocket,
Oft' in revenge tell naughty tales,
And charge for ring and locket.

Though madam shuns the tiresome duns,
And shuffles, shams, and curses,
Yet still they call, till she pays all—
And thus I'll deal with Thyrsis.

SCENE IX.

Enter Thyrsis, not observing Myrtilla.

RECITATIVE.

MYRTILLA.

O here he comes, the parjur'd gay deceiver.

THYRSIS.

Heigh! Phœbe flown! O what a dunce to leave her. So while I trounc'd the Squire, she takes the Captain.

MYRTILLA, (aside.)

And for your pains a prison you'll be clapt in.

THYRSIS.

Odds-bobs! I'll after.

MYRTILLA.
Stay thou, false and fickle.

THYRSIS.

O Gemini! here's a rare rod in pickle!

SCENE X.

Enter Plutus behind with Bailiffs.

CATCH. AIR-'Twas you Sir, 'twas you, Sir,

PLUTUS.

21 1177 111 11 1 7 7

That's he, sir, that's he, sir,

Lug out your parchment squeezer,

For rent unpaid—you know your trade—

That's he, sir, he.

BAILIFFS.

We see, sir, we see, sir,
We'll nab him like a flea, sir.
If rhino fail, he must to jail,
Along with we.

THYRSIS.

Nay, sir, pray, sir,

It is not long to stay, sir;

Let go your hold, and I'll find gold,

'Gainst quarter-day.

QUINTETTO. AIR-Fye now prithee John.

MYRTILLA.

O have pity, sir, Cash I'll get ye, sir. Stop my wages, I'll freely pay.

PLUTUS.

Sure the jade has lost her wits.

MYRTILLA.

Here take my vails, my perquisites.

BAILIFFS.

We'll all go snacks.

THYRSIS.

So now we're quits.

PLUTUS.
But I say nay.

Mind your eye, or in a crack
We'll lash your hands behind your back,
Though you look blue and sweat and stew,
You must come away.

THYRSIS.

Blood! hands off, or in a crack
I'll lay you sprawling on your back.
The Squire and you are all too few
To force me away.

PLUTUS, (to Bailiffs.)

Do your duty. (To Myrtilla.) Hold your clack,

Aye, that's your sort, here this way, Mac.

I'll make you rue, you scoundrel you,

Away boys, away.

MYRTILLA.

Well-a-day! alack! alack! He's gone and never will come back.

My love adieu! and money too,

They're both flown away.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Plutus's House.

Enter PLUTUS and UCALEGON.

RECITATIVE.

PLUTUS.

FETCH me my mask. Thus muffled I'll assault her.

UCALEGON, (aside.)

Arrah! your honour well deserves a halter.

(Exit Plutus disguised.)

UCALEGON.

Och! but I'll paich, and that you may rely on, Sure as my name's Ucalegon Orion. SONG. AIR—Hubbubbubboo. Durfey, vol. i. p. 74.

Hubbubbubboo! hubbubbubboo!

The Squire shall rue,

Though none but Pat

Knows what he's at,

Och! I've a skull

Of brains so full,

I scarce know what to do.

Hubbubbubboo! hubbubbubboo!

Laive Pat alone

To pick a bone,

He naids no friends

To work his ends;

O then laive Pat alone

To pick a bone.

This precious nob

Shall do the job.

A fig for Bail-

We'll fire the jail,

Break loose, and scale,

Defy the law

Shilleleagh draw,

Drink, Usquebaugh— Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Exit.

SCENE III.

Before Philemon's Cottage.

Enter JUPITER, MERCURY, and MYRTILLA.

RECITATIVE.

JUPITER.

Cheer up—take heart—for shame, ne'er whine and blubber,

Two tars at least are match for one land-lubber.

MERCURY.

Or if 'twill comfort you—take my confession, To speak the truth, we're conj'rers by profession.

JUPITER.

Know I can thunder.

MERCURY.

Trust me, I'm no mocker—
I'd fetch him back, tho' fast in Davy's locker.

(Shews his caduceus.)

TRIO. AIR-Viva tutte le vezzose.

MYRTILLA.

Pooh! 'tis plain you mean to joke us With your conjure hocus pocus.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

What you've said, you'll ne'er maintain.

What we've said we will maintain.

MYRTILLA.

Then, good gentlemen magicians,
Prithee name your own conditions,
How may I my love regain?
Good magicians

What conditions?

JUPITER AND MERCURY. Hocus pocus.

MYRTILLA.
How may I my love regain?

ALL.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

We poor gentlemen magicians

Grant your suit on these conditions.

We must kiss you once again.

MYRTILLA.

Fye, good gentlemen magicians, No, no, no, on no conditions— You shall kiss me ne'er again.

[Excunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philemon and Philander.
RECITATIVE.

PHILEMON.

Faith, Captain, since you talk so fairly, And seem to set your heart upon her—

PHILANDER.

Look ye, old gentleman, I've pledg'd the honour And credit of the Navy.— PHILEMON.

An oath I know you prize as dearly As if you took your dayy.

PHILANDER.

Besides, d'ye see? I've made some prizes, While cruising on the high seas 'Twixt Brest and St. Domingo.

PHILEMON.

Your fist.—She's your's by jingo.

In proof of which I'll broach my stoutest stingo.

SONG. AIR—Bumper Squire Jones.

A bargain my buck;
"Tis just pudding-time; so without more ado
Put up with pot-luck:
The guests are all seated,
And wish to be treated;
We wait but for you.
Dame Baucis with grief
Sees her pudding and beef
Which she dish'd piping hot, growing cold as a frog.

And I long to be spreading

The news of your wedding,

And toast the young couple in bumpers of grog.

[Excunt.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Plutus's House.

Enter PANDORA with a mask in her hand.

RECITATIVE.

PANDORA.

I come, I fly.—Tremble perfidious squire— Love and revenge the wrong'd Pandora fire.

SCENE VI.

Enter on one side Myrtilla with a domino, &c. and on the other Ucalegon in a hurry.

TRIO, a Medley. 1st AIR—Ti riverisco. PAISAELLO.

PANDORA.

Dido's brand—Roxana's chalice— Floating robes—dishevell'd hair.

2d AIR-Molly Mog.

MYRTILLA.

Dear madam, your gown and tippet, Your curls I'm come to place.

PANDORA.

See! for very rage and malice How their mangled limbs I tear.

(Takes the domino and tears it.)

MYRTILLA.

O Lauk! twas a pity to rip it.

The sweetest Mechlin lace!

PANDORA.

Now I mount Medea's chariot.

3d AIR-I live in the Town of Kilkenny.

UCALEGON.

My Lady, the carriage is ready.

PANDORA.

Fiery Dragons swift pursue.

UCALEGON.

Your ladyship's coach and four.

PANDORA.

Jason-O that false Iscariot!

UCALEGON.

Old Coachy so stiff and steady.

PANDORA.

With his Argonautic crew-

UCALEGON.

Dicky, Post-boy, myself and Neddy, Are waiting below at the door.

ALL.

PANDORA.

Dread my wrath, thou trembling varlet,

Now I come, and now I fly.

Hence thou foul, detested harlot— Die, perfidious traitor, die.

MYRTILLA.

You've draggled and torn like a cloute:
But since 'twas your fancy to rip it,
I means to wear it out.

ALL.

UCALEGON.

The horses begin to grow frisky With standing so long at the door;

The servants have tippled their whisky,

And grumble for want of more. [Exeunt.

(She boxes the maid, stabs the footman with her fan, and exit, leaving them both in amazement.)

SCENE VII.

Philemon's Cottage; Philemon, Philander, Jupiter, Mercury,
Baucis, Phabe, and Rustics, are discovered seated round
a Table, with Horns and Tankards, &c.

CHORUS. AIR-Nimbly, nimbly. M. LOCKE.

Freely, freely, freely, let the tankard foam, To the echo, to the echo, to the echo of Harvest-home. SONG. AIR-Cease rude Boreas.

PHILANDER.

Fill a bumper, fill a bumper—
In one roaring toast combine,
Of our foes each gallant thumper.—
—Here's to all the British line.

CHORUS.

Cheerly, cheerly, cheerly, join in vocal glee, To the echo, to the echo of Three times three.

PHILANDER.

From heroes fam'd in earlier story, To the Chief, whose radiant star, In a setting blaze of glory, Sunk, alas! at Trafalgar.

CHORUS.

Cheerly, cheerly, &c.

PHILANDER.

Nor forget th' impartial service
Which aspires to half the worth.—
—Here's to brave and generous Jervis—
He who sent the warrior forth,

CHORUS.

Cheerly, cheerly, &c.

PHILANDER.

To Duncan, Hood, and Howe, victorious, Last to him, whom last we mourn, Late assign'd a station glorious Near to Nelson's sacred urn.

(A knocking at the door.)

RECITATIVE.

PHILEMON.

There's some one knocks.

BAUCIS.

We'll welcome in all comers.

SCENE VIII.

Enter at opposite sides Plutus and Pandora masked.

PHILEMON.

Rare doings! neighbours—here be masks and mummurs.

JUPITER.

Avast! here's ruin to the Squire and Madam.

MERCURY.

We'd tar and feather both if here we had 'em.

ALL.

Huzzah! huzzah!

PHILEMON.

Strike up, old Catgut-scraper.

SYMPHONY.

MERCURY, (to Pandora.)

Come on, old lass, if you've a mind to caper.

(Baucis presents Plutus to Phabe, and Philander to one of the young women of the Chorus.)

BAUCIS.

Nay, Phœbe, come, for once give up Philander.

PHILANDER.

What! shift my flag?

PHŒBE.

Deuce take this Merry Ander.

DANCE. AIR-The Hottentot-Dance.

Dr. CROTCH'S NATIONAL AIRS.

(During the dance Plutus draws Phabe to one side of the Scene, and Pandora entices Mercury to the other.—The dance ends abruptly.)

RECITATIVE.

PHŒBE.

Help, neighbours, help!

MERCURY.

O save me from this fury.

BAUCIS.

A rape, a rape! O for a judge and jury!

PHILEMON.

Off with their masks.

PHILANDER.

Give chase, and clear for action.

PLUTUS, (to Phabe.)

You strive in vain.

PANDORA, (to Mercury.)

I love you to distraction.

THYRSIS AND UCALEGON, (without.)

Hurrah! hurrah!

SCENE IX.

Enter Thyrsis, Ucalegon, and Myrtilla.

UCALEGON.

Och! here's a fait to brag on.

THYRSIS.

Zooks! here I be.

UCALEGON.

Aye, thanks to swait Ucalegon.

(Thunder and lightning, Jupiter and Mercury throw off their disguise.)

JUPITER.

Peace, peace, ye ninnies—Cease to gape and wonder, And hear your sentence from the God of Thunder.

FINALE. AIR—Rail no more ye learned Asses.

Vocal Music, or the Songster's Companion.

vol. i. p. 32.

Fear not, Baucis and Philemon,

This the Borough-Hall shall be:

For your bounty to the seamen,

You the Mayor, the Mayoress she.—

(During this song Mercury waves his caduceus, and the Scene changes to a Guildhall.—Philemon is invested with the insignia of his office, and Baucis throwing off her upper garment, discovers a fantastic habit.)

When you've rul'd a twelve-month thorough,
Still to grace your native scenes,
Pride and worship of the Borough,
Here take root as Evergreens.

Grov'ling, grasping, grinding Plutus,
Hear though late our sovereign will:
For thy crimes nor rare nor new t'us,
Work henceforth a Paper-mill.

There with heart-corroding cankers,
Sort the rags, and dress the mould;
Spreading pulp for luckier Bankers,
Starve 'mid substitutes for gold.

Thou, Pandora, thief and beggar, Troll the ballad, cry the match; And at night with drunken stagger Spread thy charms at Bunter's hatch.

(Plutus and Pandora undergo a suitable metamorphosis.)

Captain, fear no more reverses,

Wrecks or storms, with Phœbe blest;

Wed Myrtilla, silly Thyrsis;

Honest teague, take all the rest.

(Ucalegon salutes all the ladies of the Chorus, who crowd about him.)

Thus our justice and compassion
Here dispens'd in portions due,
We resume our former station,
And our Upstairs-Reign renew.

Mortals! let not griefs and crosses
Rack your minds with useless care:
Life's a feast, and mirth its sauce is;
We award each guest his share.

CHORUS.

Life's a feast, and mirth its sauce is:

Here each guest shall take his share.

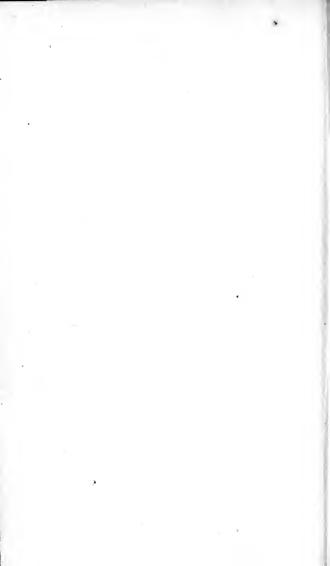
VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS

LEAVING OXFORD,

WITH HIS FAMILY, IN APRIL, 1806.



VERSES, &c.

HAIL and farewell! to parting worth adieu!
Where'er ye roam, propitious vows pursue;
Peace ev'ry varying scene with bounty crown,
And mark your blissful mansion for her own.
There laughing hours shall wing their glad career,
There plenty swell the product of the year,
And ev'ry sun, that warms the western skies,
Sink, with redoubled blessings to arise!

O ever priz'd, regretted, and rever'd,
By ev'ry rarer excellence endear'd.
Severe in Truth, benevolent of heart,
Mirth in your train, and social joys depart:
As some proud bark in orient trim array'd,
Wafts from Arabia's shore the costly trade,

And o'er the flood for many a league exhales
Soft aromatic essence, as she sails,
Thus the fair wreaths around your brows entwin'd,
Leave as they pass a fragrant track behind;
Pleas'd Isis scents the richness of the gale,
And bids your praise thro' all her shades prevail.
For oft' beneath your hospitable dome
Her sons enjoy'd a more convivial home,
Where mute reserve grew confident and free,
And moody care relented into glee.

There artless childhood with enticing wiles,
Lisp'd the warm welcome, and discours'd in smiles;
Train'd to each liberal art, with courteous ease
The youthful throng, unbidden, strove to please;
Whether they rous'd Cæcilia's vocal peal,
Or skimm'd the sprightly mazes of the reel,
Or sketch'd with infant hand the bold design,
Each tuneful touch, light step, and faultless line,
An equal grace adorn'd, and early trac'd
The quick'ning seeds of Genius and of Taste.

Such were the gems—her justly vaunted store— Great Scipio's daughter, fair Cornelia wore; Sham'd and eclips'd Rome's envious matrons ey'd Her sterling wealth, that dimm'd their glittering pride.

Such too—blest guardians of a blooming race, Such are the treasures that already grace Your life's meridian, and await the close With a rich balm to sweeten your repose.

Share then, with rev'rence share the precious meed,
To fond parental tenderness decreed:
Just is the meed; your hands that till'd the soil,
Now reap the golden harvest of your toil,
Whose fruits in grateful recompense abound,
And all your earthly Paradise, around
Domestic joys diffuse. Nor lightly weigh
What else the tributary Muses pay
In virtue's score—a strain reserv'd for few—
Hail and farewell! to parting worth adieu!

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

ON READING HIS MEMOIRS.

— Mihi mens juvenili ardebat amore Compellare virum, & dextræ conjungere dextram.

VIRG.

AS by the Sun's attractive force control'd, Some nameless planet in its orbit strays, And, at immeasurable distance roll'd, Still feels the quick'ning influence of his rays: E'en thus my Genius kindled into praise Of all thy life's eventful scenes unfold, Steals a faint gleam emitted from their blaze, Nor thou, thy Bard disdain; nor rashly hold His zeal presumption—nor his homage spurn, Howe'er unprivileg'd thy worth to scan, Worth that adorns the Poet and the Man, Hereafter doom'd a nobler meed to earn: But, ah! neglected Cumberland, thy Fame Can ne'er a thankless Age from infamy reclaim.

A CARD OF INVITATION,

TO THE

REV. J. J. CONYBEARE, A. M.

ANGLO-SAXON PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuå Velox merce veni: non ego te meis Immunem meditor tingere poculis, Plenå dives ut in domo.

HORAT, od, xii, lib. 4.

I.

IF pickled Pilchards, clouted cream, Dory, or Mullet, be a theme

For a Professor's ear;
If there's a charm in smuggled wines
For one who proudly quaffs and dines
With noble lords and rich divines

At Christ-Church half the year:

II.

Then welcome, Conybeare; for thou

Canst ease the heart, and smooth the brow,

That mock Lenæan art.

Nurs'd in one soil we flourish'd both,
Like brother saplins of a growth,
That spread their meeting arms, as loath
In riper age to part.

III.

Alike, but with unequal pace,

One classic path we lov'd to trace;

Each breast one soul inform'd:

Joint minstrels of the selfsame rhyme,

We've trimm'd our taper from the chime

Of midnight to the matin prime,

With mutual rapture warm'd.

IV.

The maze of Fancy to pursue

Thy Genius lent the ready clew;

Or if I sketch'd the line,

Thy master hand reform'd the thought,

Thy pencil to perfection wrought,

As when Creation sprung from nought

And felt the shock divine.

V.

Then come. In truth it ill beseems

Thee to be scouring rusty themes:

To grace a brighter sphere,
Thy sterling wit from Attic store,
Howe'er alloy'd with Gothic lore,
Has purg'd the dross, but left the ore
To sparkle still more clear.

VI.

Not that in these Damnonian mines Aught with a rival lustre shines;

Or claims a kindred verse:
So, to be candid, come or not:
But should'st thou visit my poor cot,
That thou may'st duly pay thy shot,
"Put money in thy purse."

VII.

Think'st thou gratuitous to share

My lodging, and my dainty fare?

Go seek a wealthier host:

Let gen'rous Chancellors afford

To Delegates the costly board;

Here would'st thou feast, the reckoning's scor'd,

And thou must bear the cost.

VIII.

For Pilchards,* Hollybots, and Cream,
Three quires of prose; of verse a ream,
For fire and habitation:
Item, for smuggled Port, a tome
Filch'd from Old Bodley's musty dome;
For Capons, Knights and Squires of Rome;
For Sauce, a Dedication.

^{*} The provincial name for Plaice.

[†] Octavian, Emperor of Rome; a Romance abridged from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, and dedicated to the Author by the learned and ingenious Friend, who is the subject of the present Invitation.

WRITTEN ON AN ISLET IN NEWICK PARK.

ΠΑΝΙ. ΦΙΛΟΣΠΗΛΥΓΓΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΟΥΡΕΟΦΟΙΤΑCI. ΝΥΜΦΑΙC.

ΚΑΙ. CATTPOIC. ΙΕΡΑΙCΤ΄. ΕΝΔΟΝ. ΑΜΑΔΡΥΑCI.

To you, ye Mountain Nymphs and Sylvan Maids, And Pan, the Monarch of these haunted shades.

I.

SAY, Genii of the rural isle,
Where Art, to mimick Nature's smile
In miniature profuse,
Bids the luxuriant osiers grow,
And lilies from the stream below
Drink their essential juice:

II.

There, emblem of Marcello's doom,
The Cystus sheds his early bloom
Ere half the germs unfold;
Laburnum there, with graceful flow,
Affects the drooping guise of woe,
And weeps a shower of gold:*

^{*} Alluding to the French name, Pluie d'or.

III.

Say, why should Art conspire to trim
The velvet slope, the tufted rim,
Whose shrubs the waters kiss,
Unless to teach how small a scope
Might limit ev'ry mortal hope,
Yet hold a world of bliss?

IV.

Here might not playful Fancy trace
The Empire of a Pigmy race,

Or Lilliputian Rule?

Here mark a puny nation's pride,

Their armies march, their navies ride,

The tyrants of a pool?

v.

Beneath yon willow's weeping shade

A towering city boasts her trade,

Her opulence, and laws;

Where cits grow proud, and lawyers prate,

And little Senates hold debate,

And Patriots court applause.

VI.

Where Prelates arm in worldly fights,
And Slaves grow jealous of their rights,
And Faction wields the law;
Where Ministers the Public drain,
And millions waste in one campaign,
To litigate a straw.

VII.

May no such guilt your haunts defile, Sweet Genii of the Rural Isle,

Nor courts nor traffic stain;
For Men in islands great or small,
When Int'rest and Ambition call,
Become Creation's bane.

VIII.

Still be your shades with virtue blest,
And freedom, innocence, and rest
Adorn your harmless realm:
Still may your banks in peace survey
The little skiff, that steers her way,
Where youth directs the helm.

THE SUICIDE,

FROM THE LATIN OF V. BOURNE.

—Quis enim invitum servare laboret?

I.

AROUND in many a flutt'ring maze,
Lur'd by the lamp's attractive rays,
That shoot athwart the gloom,
And idly buzzing with surprise,
The silly Moth disporting flies,
Unconscious of his doom.

II.

Still as he skims the faithless light,

Oft I avert his giddy flight,

And pitying oft exclaim:

"Why would'st thou thus forestall the date

Of Death, that never comes too late

To light the funeral flame?"

III.

Headlong amid the torturing fires,
Behold, the heedless fool expires,
A self-devoted prey:
E'en thus the wretch unpitied dies,
Who deaf to Friendship's warning cries,
Persists in danger's way.

THE WILD HYACINTH.

Tel en un secret vallon
Sur le bord d'une onde pure,
Croit á l'abri de l'aquilon
Un jeune lis, l'amour de la nature.

RACINE.

I.

In the deep-bosom'd forest that wraps the lone valley, Where the Sun scant'ly glimmering checkers the green, Scarce wav'd by the gales with her clusters that dally, Though veil'd, the wild Hyacinth lurks not unseen.

II.

Not unseen, nor uncherish'd; for who, that of Nature Delights philosophic the moral to trace,
E'er priz'd the proud Oak, though majestic of stature,
So dear as the flow'ret that springs at his base?

III.

Though firm are his roots to the centre descending,
Though his boughs to the welkin imperiously tower:
Yet his are the frowns on Ambition attending;
But grace and humility blush in the flower.

IV.

For mark, how unconscious of beauty's attraction,
The soft curling tresses and azure array,
How calm in denial, how modest in action,
She steals from the rude-wooing Zephyr away.

V.

Yet freely she quaffs of the dews of the morning, Nor shrinks from the genial caresses of noon; While they with gay brilliants her chalice adorning, Of sunshine and moisture contribute the boon.

VI.

For not by retreat, but disclosure engender'd,
Rich tints and fair verdure her blossoms attire;
As from praise well applied, and advice gently tender'd,
Unwilling reserve gathers strength to aspire.

VII.

Then let not the shades of obscurity smother

Those endowments, dear maid, you too faintly disclose:

Be diffident still; but be warn'd by a brother,

That ne'er without Sun the wild Hyacinth blows.



PREFACE

TO THE

GREY GEESE OF ADDLESTROP HILL.

THE following Ballad was written at Daylesford, the residence of Warren Hastings, Esq. and was suggested by the circumstance of his having removed a number of large stones which lay in the neighbourhood, to form the rock-work which adorns his grounds, furnishing materials chiefly for a little island, and the declivities of an artificial cascade.

These stones, which are situated on the summit of a hill in the parish of Addlestrop, in Gloucestershire, near the point where it borders upon the three adjoining counties, have stood for time immemorial, and whether they owe their position to art or nature, accident or design, has never been decided; but popular tradition has afforded a ready solution of this doubt, by ascribing their origin to enchantment.

It is accordingly pretended, that in days of yore, as an old woman was driving her geese to pasture upon Addlestrop hill, she was met by one of the weird Sisters, who demanded alms, and upon being refused, converted the whole flock into a heap of stones.

In relating this metamorphosis, no variation has been made from the ancient legend, nor has any deviation from truth been resorted to in the narration of their subsequent history, farther than by attributing to the magical completion of a fictitious prophecy, what was, in reality the effect of creative invention.

The Grey Geese of Addlestrop Hill.

———Et me fecere poëtam
Pierides; sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores: sed non ego credulus illis.
Nam neque adhuc Vario videor, nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere Anser olores.
VIRGIL. Ecl. ix. v. 32.

I.

BENEATH the grey shroud of a wintery cloud
The day-star dimly shone;
And the wind it blew chill upon Addlestrop hill,
And over the Four-shire stone.

II.

But the wind and the rain they threaten'd in vain;

Dame Alice was up and away,

For she knew, to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise,

Was early to bed and early to rise,

Though never so foul the day.

III.

O foul was the day, and dreary the way; St. Swithin the good woman shield! For she quitted her bower in an evil hour To drive her geese afield.

IV.

To rival this flock, howe'er they might mock,
Was never a wight could aspire;
The Geese of Dame Alice bred envy and malice,
Through many a bordering shire.

V.

No wonder she eyed with delight and with pride

Their plumes of glossy grey;

And she counted them o'er, and she counted a score,

And thus to herself 'gan say:

VI.

"A score of grey geese at a groat* apiece
Makes six and eight-pence clear;
Add a groat, 'tis enow to truck for a cow,
And I warrant we'll make good cheer.

V11.

But ah! welladay! no mortal can say,
What fate and fortune ordain;
Or Alice, I ween, had her loss foreseen,
Where most she look'd for gain.

VIII.

And didst thou not mark the warnings dark?

'Twas all on a Friday morn,

She tripp'd unawares as she hurried down stairs,

And thrice was her kirtle torn.

* We are told that at an early period of our history a Goose was sold for 3d. and a cow for 7s. The superiority of Dame Alice's Geese in their pre-existent state, to judge of them by their present size, must plead her excuse for estimating them at a penny above the market price.

IX.

And thrice by the way went the Gander astray,

Ere she reach'd the foot of the hill;

And the Raven's croak from a neighbouring oak,

Proclaim'd approaching ill.

X.

And now, and O now had she climb'd the steep brow,

To batten her flock on the common,

When full in her path, to work her scath,

XI.

This Hag she was foul both in body and soul,
All wild and tatter'd in trim;
And pale was the sheen of her age-wither'd een;
Was never a Witch so grim!

She met with a weird woman.

XII.

And "Give me," quoth she, "of thy fair poultry,
Or dear shalt thou rue this day."
So hoarse was the note of the Beldam's throat.
That the Geese they hiss'd with dismay,

XIII.

But the dame she was stout, and could fleer and could flout, "Gramercy! good gossip," she cried;

"Would ye taste of my fry, ye must barter or buy, Though weal or woe betide.

XIV.

"Twere pity in sooth ye had but a tooth,
Ye should lack for a giblet to chew:
Belike of the claw, and the rump, and the maw,
A Hell-broth ye mean to brew."

XV.

O sour look'd the Hag, and thrice did she wag

Her hoar head scatter'd with snow;

And her eye thro' the gloom of wrath and of rheum,

Like a comet, predicted woe.

XVI.

And anon she began to curse and to ban
With loud and frantic din;

But the spell which she mutter'd, must never be utter'd, For that were a deadly sin.

XVII.

Then sudden she soars in the whirlwind, and roars

To the deep-voic'd thunder amain;

And the lightning's glare envelopes the air,

And shivers the rocks in twain!

XVIII.

But Alice she lay, 'mid the wrack and the fray,
Entranc'd in a deathlike swoon,
Till the sheep were in fold, and the curfew toll'd,
Ere yet she thought 'twas noon.

XIX.

And much did she muse at the cold evening dews,

'That reflected the pale moon-beam;

But more at the sight, that appear'd by its light;

And she counted it all a dream.

XX.

Oh! what is you heap, that peers o'er the steep,
'Mid the furze of the hawthorn glen?

With trembling and fear the Dame she drew near,
And she knew her own Geese agen.

XXI.

But, ah! 'twas a sight of pity and fright,
As she number'd them one by one;
All grisly they lay, and they lie to this day,
A flock, as it were, of grey stone!

XXII.

- "Thy birds are not flown," cried a voice to her moan;
 "Oh! never again shall they fly,
- Till Evenlode flow to the steeple at Stow, And Oddington mount as high.

XXIII.

- "But here shall they stand, forlorn on dry land,
 And parch in the drought and the blast,
 Nor e'er bathe a feather, save in fog and foul weather,
 - Nor e'er bathe a feather, save in fog and foul weather, Till many an age be past.

XXIV.

- " More fetter'd and bound than Geese in a pound, Could aught their bondage atone,
- They shall ne'er dread the feast of St. Michael at least, Like Geese of flesh and bone.

XXV.

"But pitying fate at length shall abate
The rigour of this decree;
By the aid of a Sage in a far distant age,
And he comes from the East Country.

XXVI.

"A Pundit his art to this seer shall impart;
Where'er he shall wave his wand,
The hills shall retire, and the vallies aspire,
And the waters usurp the land.

XXVII.

"Then, Alice, thy flock their charm shall unlock, And pace with majestic stride,

From Addlestrop heath to Daylesford beneath,

To lave in their native tide.

XXVIII.

"And one shall go peep like an isle o'er the deep, Another delighted wade,

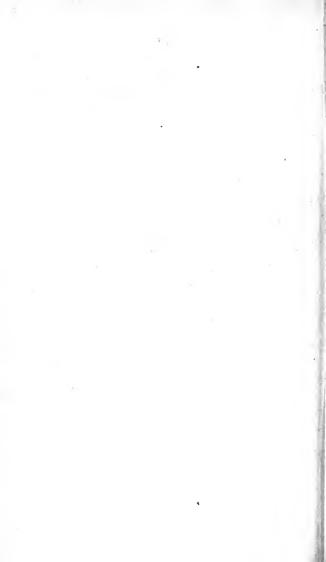
At the call of this Wizard, to moisten her gizzard, By the side of a fair cascade.

XXIX.

"This Sage to a Dame shall be wedded, whose name Praise, honour, and love shall command; By poets renown'd, and by courtesy crown'd The Queen of that Fairy Land."

XXX.

Here ceas'd the high strain: but seek not in vain
To unravel the dark record:
Enough that ye wot, 'twas trac'd to the spot,
By a Clerk of Oxenford.



PUG'S MASQUERADE;

A SEQUEL TO THE

PEACOCK AT HOME,

INSCRIBED TO MISS LOVIBOND.

With smiles quoth Pug, "if pranks like these
The giant-apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts."

GAY, Fab. XL.



PUG'S MASQUERADE.

THE mirth and good breeding, the pomp and the state, And the dainties display'd at Sir Argus's Fête, By those who were present will ne'er be forgot. But 'twas deeply resented by all who were not; And most by the Bat, of whose groundless pretension, Not a soul but herself had vouchsaf'd to make mention; For they knew that her race was amphibious, her birth Education and parentage, savour'd of Earth:

'Twas true she had wings; but then who'd give one feather For twenty such wings manufactur'd of leather?

Thus cross'd in her claims of aërial extraction,
She acted as chief of the opposite faction:

Intent on revenge, all the day was she brewing

Dark plots, as she clung to the roof of a ruin;

With the first dews of twilight she ventur'd to fly,

And arriv'd by short flits at a Forest hard by,

Where lately recall'd from his tour, in a pet,

Condescended to settle Sir Fop Marmoset,

A Monkey of promising parts; but his Aunt,

Old Lady Baboon, was her chief confidant;

"Dame Bat," quoth my Lady, "What news? you look

moody—

"Still piqu'd at the Peacock's neglect, my dear goody?"

"Still piqu'd at the Peacock's neglect, my dear goody?"

"Eh! ma foi c'est dommage," interrupted Sir Fop—

"I piqued?" cried the Bat, "'twas a pitiful hop—

Besides, to haut ton what pretensions have I?—

But for Apes to be rivall'd in fashion—O fie!

My taste is Retreat—Dissipation your trade—

Come, what say ye both to a grand Masquerade?

O think how 'twill ruffle each feather'd pretender,

When they hear of the fame which your triumphs engender.

The Peacock's proud tail will shrink down to a Lizard's, And the Goose and the Turkey-cock fret in their gizzards, On his dunghill let crest-fallen Chanticleer crow,
But ne'er think to vie with a quadruped Beau."

Ne'er did Flattery fail in the purpose requir'd;
With noble ambition Pug felt himself fir'd;
Talk'd much of the Carnival, much of the Louvre,
Of music, snuff, painting, Von Trump and Von Couvre;
And vow'd he would shew—that he would, by St. Denis,
How these matters were order'd in France and at Venice.

In a word, all was fix'd: great arrangements were made,
And nothing was heard of but Pug's Masquerade.
But first 'twas agreed for the sake of fair play
'Twixt the peaceable Tribes, and the Myriads of prey,
That the Lion should issue a strict proclamation,
For a truce to be sign'd throughout all the creation.
The Fox was the first to subscribe to the law,
And the Hind to the Panther presented a paw—
The Hound and the Stag become intimate friends,
And the Hare's universal acquaintance extends.

These matters adjusted, the cards flew by dozens, To all of Cat-kin, to the ten hundredth cousins,

For their's was blood-royal.—But what was most hard, 'Twas thought useless to trouble the Bat with a card: So the poor meddling fool, as will often befal, After cringing to both, was discarded by all: Besides, she was shunn'd as an evil-foreboder; And the Stoat and the Badger were both in bad odour.

Poor Dor was condemn'd as a mouse of no soul,
And the Sloth was best pleas'd to be left in his hole.
Some objected the Hedge-hog was apt to be rough,
Though the Porcupine's quill might be polish'd enough:
He was huff'd that his kinsman was treated so ill,
So shot back the card that they sent, on a quill.
John Bull was invited, but swore they might ask
Long enough, ere he'd caper about in a mask—
He detested all kind of disguise, for his part,
And would wear his own face—'twas the pledge of his heart.

His Lady alledg'd her accouchment drew near,
Andher daughter Miss Heifer, and young Master Steer,
Were neither as yet of an age to appear.

Mrs. Sow lay in straw, but had open'd her sty To inspect the stray masks, as they chanc'd to pass by; 'Twas a tiny boudoir, rather straighten'd for room, Where she welcom'd her guests in a Chinese costume; While her new-litter'd brood made a marvellous show, Like so many Josses, all squat in a row. But the grand Rendezvous was a Terrace, that stood Round about a wide plain, that was circled with wood, Like a vast amphitheatre—straight from whose centre An avenue branch'd, where they all were to enter: There spruce Marmoset, with a reverence due, Receiv'd all his friends, as they made their debut, In a suit-to exhibit a greater display-Precisely the same as depicted by Gay; The same Bag and Sword, and the well-powder'd hair, And the Chapeau de bras, and the black Solitaire: As for mask, he wore none, as befitted his post; For that night he enacted the part of mine host. But my Lady Baboon in a drap'ry of Shawl, Like the great Munny Begum arriv'd from Bengal, Sat thron'd on a Cushion for pomp and repose, With a Fan in her hand, and a Ring at her nose:

To her all the company bow'd as they pass'd; But their names to recount from the first to the last, How all were accoutred, what each represented, Were a task, if endeavour'd, might well be repented: Such motley disguises would surely perplex Linnæus himself to determine their sex; And their tongues to interpret, their morals explain, Might puzzle the wit of unrivall'd Fontaine. But to follow the list handed down by tradition-The Lion first honour'd this grand exhibition: But not in full state; for the Crown, and the Globe, And the Sceptre that night, and the long-flowing robe, Were consign'd to the Ass, who, erecting his ears, Appear'd as King Midas just fresh from the sheers. The Monarch himself, with his royal relation, Prince Leopard, of course came by self-invitation, In Vizors of gold, and fine Turbans array'd, And in rich purple Dominos fac'd with Brocade, The Elephant copied his mask from a Bramin, But was much at a loss his proboscis to cram in, Which aside like the tube of a Hookah he twirl'd, And emitted a puff, that might stifle the world.

From far Abyssinia the Camelopard Came post; for the Camel had carried the card; Who now took the garb of a Pilgrim from Mecca-An astonishing change since the days of Rebecca! The Colt represented an unbridled rake, Who in spite of the manege, the bit, and the break, Rush'd in neck or nothing; for why? 'twas his fate To be born to a Title and landed estate: Was fam'd on the turf, of his pedigree proud, And bragg'd of the smiles of the ladies aloud: He had broke from his stall on the banks of the Cam. And for Tutor consulted his Valet de Cham. His Tutor, the Goat, who to fill up his train Had been pranc'd over Europe and kick'd back again, Was content to look grave, for remonstrance was vain, 'Twas no fault of his, if his pupil was vicious, He stuck to his charge, tho' by nature capricious, And still persever'd in the hope, that his vails Ere long would be paid by preferment in Wales.

The Mouse of the Town, a well-known Macaroni, Presented the Shrew-mouse once more as his crony; They had tippled so freely, that both being hocky, Reel'd in like his Grace arm-in-arm with his Jockey; When who to their utter amazement should stalk in, But puss, in the shape of Miss Tabby Grimalkin-The hoop, the stiff stays, and the ruffles she wore, Proclaim'd her a Maid at the verge of three score: Now doom'd in the shades evermore to drive apes She rail'd at Mankind like the Fox at the grapes. But scarce had she enter'd, when lo! in a trice She was eyed and detected by both of the mice: The alarm was soon spread to their kindred the Rats, And they squeak'd in full chorus "Confusion to Cats." The Wolf thought he made a most excellent stroke, In borrowing little Red-riding-hood's cloak; When in spite of his basket of cheesecakes, the sham Was expos'd at first sight by a crafty old Ram. But the Lynx with his shrewd diplomatical eyes, Had pierc'd through the veil of each flimsy disguise, And explain'd with the air of a French politician, Their relations, alliances, plots, and position. But who are you valorous Chiefs that advance, Like Arthur of England, and Roland of France?

'Tis the Knight of Brazil, the renown'd Armadillo,
Sir Rhinoceros too, who for love wears the willow;
A she Cangaroo was the prize of the field;
So they both couch'd their lances and jousted and wheel'd:
While Bruin the Bear, and Mynheer from Westphalia,
Were equipp'd as Esquires in their paraphernalia:
And long might these worthies have hugg'd and have
hustled,

But the music struck up; so away they all bustled.

Aloft on a mound the Orchestra was rear'd,

Where ranged in their ranks the musicians appear'd;

The Bear blew the bag-pipe, the Boar the bassoon,

And the little pig's fife was in exquisite tune:

But the great Sieur Mâtou with his high-diddle-diddle,

Had brought his own cat-gut and play'd the first fiddle.

A Caricaturist, who peep'd through a loop,

With his graver immortal has etch'd the whole group.*

A young Lioness waving the court etiquette,

Deign'd to open the ball with Sir Fop Marmoset.

The minuet clos'd, crowds of couples advance,

In the reel and the valtz, and the gay country dance.

[·] Vide Hogarth's orchestra.

Shock perform'd a pas seul with immortal eclat;
But the Kid's cotillion, and the Fawn's entrechat,
Thy Gavotte, La Gazelle! and Du Chevre's chassé,
Are feats that resound in the woods to this day.
Brother Reynard meanwhile had retir'd from the press,
And accepted the Elephant's challenge at chess.
In the robes of a learned King's Counsel array'd,
If he cheated, 'twas all in the way of his trade;
So he shuffled his moves both above and beneath,
And checkmated the Elephant 'spite of his teeth.
But my grave Lord Chief Justice, Sir Ourang Outang,
O'erlook'd the sly thief, whom he sentenc'd to hang.

Just then a mix'd din that out-roar'd that of Babel,
Announc'd that the Supper was plac'd upon table:
The Turn-spit, lest such an occasion should lapse,
Had acted as Cook, with an eye to the scraps.
But a royal Pavilion of state had been rear'd
By the architect Beaver, and in it appear'd,
Prepar'd by the Jackall, a separate treat
For the Lion, and those of his majesty's suite:
There Pidcock, alas! unless Chronicles fable,
Like an Ox roasted whole was the prime dish at table;

Now Hell's triple-headed Molossus he feeds, While prancing with beef-eaters, trumpets, and steeds, To his mortal Menagerie triumphant succeeds Great Signor Polito-but reader forbear, Nor attempt to unrayel the black bill of fare.— Nay, such was the general scramble that follow'd, The whole, ere the Muse could record it, was swallow'd, Tho' the remnants, if any remain'd from their pickings, Were chiefly the bones of grown fowls, and of chickens; For these gluttons had carried their envy so far, As e'en after death with their rivals to war: The Cat was content for that night with small fowl, Though she envied the barbecued mouse of the Owl; And the Fox, who gain'd most by the terms of the truce, Declar'd he could sup ev'ry night upon Goose: Not so the gaunt Wolf, who beginning to put on A look that declar'd much in favour of mutton. Was a hint broad enough for the Lamb to slink off: An act of distrust that caus'd many a scoff: The Lev'ret went next, and the Greyhound pursu'd, So the Truce was infring'd, and a panic ensu'd-In a trice all was noise, consternation, and haste, And away went the chasers, and those who were chas'd; But muffled and clogg'd with the trappings they bore, The rogues could do little but rumble and roar.

A few graver animals blam'd this proceeding,
As a breach of morality, faith, and good breeding;
And from all that was done, and from all that was said,
Collected this caution from Pug's Masquerade.

MORAL.

They who herd with rough Brutes, must their roughness endure,

" La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure."

THE

ANT AND THE CRICKET;

FROM LA FONTAINE;

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Nuit et jour à tous venants Je chantois, ne vous deplaise. Vous chantiez? j'en suis fort aise, Allez, dansez maintenant.

WHO claims a Patron, must produce Some proof that he can be of use; Or feel his nose put out of joint.— La Fontaine puts a case in point.

A Cricket all the summer long, Like me, had chirp'd an idle song; And found himself in desperate plight When Autumn's blasts began to bite: Of every single scrap bereft, Not even a gnat's pinion left.

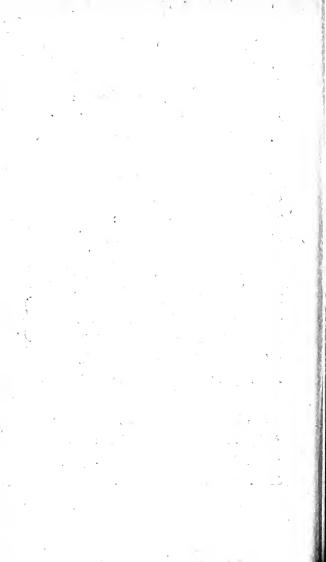
His next door neighbour was an Ant:
Of her he begs, for very want,
A short supply, till fairer weather,
Just to keep life and soul together:
And vow'd upon his faith and credit—
A solemn pledge although he said it—
Ere next September, without fail,
He'd pay her down upon the nail.

This Ant had one, and but one fault,
By some indeed a virtue thought,
She was—and that past all amending—
Inflexibly averse to lending.
And "Pray," quoth she, "my worthy sir,
What plea for aid can you prefer?
Doubtless you labour'd all the spring."
"Faith I did nothing else but sing;

And where 's the offence?" "O none whatever;
Sung all the Spring! 'twas vastly clever:
And now, with even less offence,
You may as gaily caper hence."

With much the same pretensions you,
Or, I to P*** might sue.
"Dear sir, consider of my case:
Give me a Seat, a Pension, Place,
I promise, if there's faith in man,
To pay."—"But how?" "Why, how I can,
By Pamphlet, Pasquin, or Review."
"We have bards and critics not a few:
Speak, and we'll see what we can do."
"I speak, alas!" "Nay, if you can't,
Adieu! you're not the man we want."

Now I like any Cricket sing,
And you can dance like any thing:
Bravo! dear Dick. But, should we spout,
Jack F*** beats us out and out.



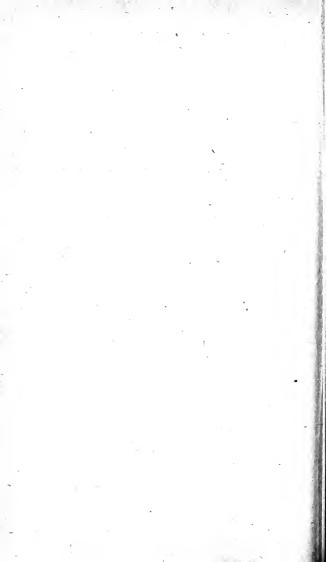
IMITATION OF HORACE,

EPISTLE X.

ADDRESSED TO

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.



IMITATION OF HORACE.

ACCEPT, dear Boswell, you who haunt the Town, This salutation from a Country Clown:

For, though at issue on this point, we square
In all besides, and tally to a hair;

Each to the same prevailing bias leans,
Like to a pair of loving a Mandarins,
Which on the Mantel station'd side by side,
Both so devoutly seem to coincide,

Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus Ruris amatores; hâc in re scilicet unâ Multùm dissimiles, ad cætera penè gemelli. Fraternis animis quicquid negat alter, et alter: Annuimus pariter, vetuli notique columbi; That, breathe a whisper, or discuss a feather,
They nod, or shake their sapient heads together.
But here we drop the simile, for you
Still keep your smoky tenement in view;
While I, by purling brook, and flowery dale,
A pure unclouded element inhale.
What would you more? 'tis my transcendant lot
To live, to reign, the monarch of my cot;
Supremely blest in ignorance and want
Of that, on which with rapture you descant:
As the poorb 'prentice who his trade forsook,
Tempted erewhile to serve a pastry-cook,
'Till gorg'd and surfeited with sweets, he fled
To make his meal upon a crust of bread.

Tu nidum servas; ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris? vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis clamore secundo:
Utque^b sacerdotis fugitivus liba recuso;
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primùm,

Would you in peace and comfort live, be wise, And do as Nature and plain Sense advise: First chuse a spot with air and elbow-room; There build your house, secure of healthful bloom. "What! quit my chambers? burn my books? and dwell For ever in the country?"-Where so well? Where lowers the brow of Winter less austere? Or where more mildly glows the sultry year? There no ambitious phantoms interpose, To break the rest which toil to nature owes: Say, do the Naiads of the Fount, who sport ^c And squirt through leaden pipes in Garden-court, So sweetly murmur, as the crystal rills, That gush spontaneous from their native hills?

Novistine locum potiorem rure beato?

Est ubi plus tepeant hyemes? ubi gratior aura

Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,

Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?

Est ubi divellat somnos minus invidia cura?

Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?

* Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,

Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?

Or vies the flinty pavement with the mead, Sweet to the scent, elastic to the tread, Oft as you trudge, amid th' incessant jar, To Westminster, and back to Temple-Bar?

Nature triumphant o'er fastidious Art,
Though elbow'd out, will still assert her part;
Rallies, though oft repuls'd, and takes her stand,
Where'er she finds a vacant inch of land:
Where poplars rang'd along suburban walls,
Shut out the odious prospect of St. Paul's:
Or where the Cit, by her inspir'd to set
His stingy, starv'ling, stint of mignonette,
Snatches a precious glimpse of something green
Through dim eclipse of sooty sashes seen.

Not so the Courtier's gay viranda's face, South to the Park, or north from Portland-place;

Naturam expellas furea, tamen usque recurret, Et mala perrumpet sensim fastidia victrix:

d Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas, Thence oft with keener optics he supplies The wear and tear of diplomatic eyes: With what judicious poise the tube he points, Varies the focus, and adjusts the joints. Extends, diminishes, and shifts at will, From Hampstead Bowers aloft to Highgate Hill; And, leering through the speculative glass, Ogles the Hamadryads, as they pass! Lo! too with pious heed the Senate plants Near William's Hall Egeria's sylvan haunts; Where now the pensive Nymph auspicious waits To prosper Parliamentary debates, Prompting each grave Pompilius of the nation, With patriotic schemes of Reformation: This votes a vista; that industrious hunts For antique precedents—or Gothic fronts; Levels a church—abolishes a place— And Science, Taste, and Politics embrace. All this, my learned friend, directly proves The exclusive right and title of the Groves:

Laudaturque domus,e longos quæ prospicit agros.

and the contract of

For to what issue tend the boasted arts Which Court or City-residence imparts? f Bassus, who late with analytic taste Of mingled wines the separate flavour trac'd; Could name the clime and vintage of the grape, Blindfold, unaided by the bottle's shape, Died of a plethora.—The world may lay The blame, alas! to knowledge of Tocay. ETimon the rich, whose trade's extensive range, Dubs him to-day, the oracle of 'Change, Deep in the Funds contracts for half the loan; To-morrow Bankrupt-cash and credit flown-With loss of life, the forfeit of Success He weighs, and values e'en existence less: Victim to gold, o'erlooks the golden mean; And—Ah! forbear to paint the closing scene!

f Non qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum, Certius accepit damnum propiusve medullis, Quàm qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum. Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ, Mutatæ quatient; Siquid mirabere, pones The thirst of Riches, and the thirst of Fame,
Are much alike: they differ but in name,
Who slaves to title, or to cent. per cent.
Die disappointed, or live discontent.
Ah! fly the tempting bait. These calm resorts,
Though poor, surpass the pride of envious courts:
The courts of monarchs, and the courts of law,
Alike their votaries to dependence draw.
The Stag and Courser, as the story goes,
About a right of Common came to blows;
The Horse was worsted in the strife, and ran
In evil hour, to beg the aid of Man:
The event was evident: He bore the sway
Of bit and bridle to his dying day.

Invitus. Fuge magna licet sub paupere tecto Reges et regum vità præcurrere amicos.
Cervus equum pugnà melior communibus herbis Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo Imploravit opes Hominis, frænumque recepit: Sed postquam Victor violens discessit ab hoste, Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.

You Lawyers thus for glory barter ease: h Saddled with briefs, and spurr'd with tickling fees, And stretching for the Woolsack from afar. Pant on the circuit, founder at the bar. The shoe that galls and pinches, when too small. If stretch'd too wide, will slip-and down you fall: Could you but once the just dimensions hit, The closer to the foot, the better fit. Forgive my freedom, Bozzy, that I crack The lash of Satyr thus about your back? If e'er in Fortune's track you catch me tripping, You're fully welcome to retort the whipping .-So fare-you-well: Such greeting's well enough, From me, a moping, melancholy Chough,

Sic qui pauperiem veritus potiore metallis
Libertate careth dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternûm, quia parvo nesciet uti
Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit subvertet, si minor uret.
Lætus sorte tuå vives sapienter, Aristi;
Nec me dimittes incastigatum ubi plura

Who date my letter from St. Michael's mount,
And less on your's than on my own account,
(Never so sad, as when so far apart)
Wish you and Humphry* here, with all my heart.

Cogere quam satis est, et non cessare videbor. Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique, Tortum digna sequi potiùs quam vellere funem. Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre ¹ Vacunæ, Excepto quòd non simùl esses, cætera lætus.

^{*} Humphry Donaldson, Esq. of Whitehall.

IMITATION

OF THE

EIGHTH EPISTLE OF HORACE;

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

With remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar.

TO — domestic Chaplain once,
And *Secretary for the nonce,
One of the few in Fortune's book,
Who without flattery serv'd a *Duke,
Commend me, Muse: and bid him thrive,
If haply he can so contrive.

Celso gaudere, et benè rem gerere Albinovano Musa rogata refer, comitia scribæq; b Neronis Si quærat quid agam, die multa & pulcra minantem Vivere nec rectè nec suaviter, haud quia grando Contuderit vites, oleamve momorderit æstus; Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in arvis. Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto, Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,

Hard times! and yet a single man With just twelve hundred pounds per ann. A good fat glebe, and surplice fees, May still live somewhat at his ease. Say, should he ask you how I fare, I'm building castles in the air; Live, move, and breathe: and when that's said, Might, but for that, as well be dead, "What! do his creditors importune? Or has he wench'd away his fortune? Or drunk, if dry? or drawn a blank?" "He neither gam'd, nor whor'd, nor drank." "Why then he's sick."-" You've hit the nail; And most, alas! where doctors fail: Sick of himself, in mind diseas'd: For ever shifting, never pleas'd: Quitsc Town for Brighton, thence in quest Of shelter, flies from South to West:

Fidis offendar emedicis, irascar amicis,
Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno:
Quæ nocuere, sequar; fugiam quæ profore credam,
eRomæ dTibur amem ventosus, Tibure Romam.
Post hæc, ut valeat, quô pacto rem gerat & se,

Grows a mere Chough; denouncing those Who best advise, as bitterest foes: Sends Kidde and Bailliee to perdition. And daily fees some new physician." This said, be sure you next inquire. How stands the Rector with the Squire, Whether the Parish seem content, Or grumble at their Tithes and Rent. If neither give him cause to grieve, Then wish him joy, and take your leave. But whisper first-though to say true,-None need the warning less than ----. "Would you, dear ____, your friends preserve, Ne'er from an even temper swerve, With them your thoughts, your fortune share, And be the man you always were."

Ut placeat juveni percontare, utque cohorti. Si dicet, rectè: primum gaudere; subinde Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento. Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.

TO JULIUS FLORUS,

IN ALLUSION TO THE

THIRD EPISTLE OF HORACE.

'FLORUS, I long, might I so far presume,
To learn the topics of your Common-room:
Whether you follow Massena's retreat
O'er Lusitania's geographic sheet;
And trace victorious Wellington's campaign,
Far as Oporto, from the bounds of Spain;
Or with our Cruizers sail along the chart,
Convoy the Trader to the destin'd mart;
Or Britain's eastern provinces survey,
And touch at Bourbon's Island in your way.—

AJULI Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius Augusti privignus scire laboro;
Thracane vos, Hebrusque nivali compede vinctus
Au freta vicinas inter currentia turres

Fain would I know what deeds awake to song In Wolsey's learned bower the tuneful throng: Which of your quire records in Epic strain Our reverend Monarch's memorable reign, An age of Jubilee?—Just Heaven extend The threaten'd term !- Our King, our Sire befriend! We kiss the Sceptre, which our foes hath awed, At home an Olive-rod, a Thunder-bolt abroad. But say, what news of Celsus? Him shall Fame Ere long illustrate by a brighter name: A Genius cast in Nature's fairest mould, Perception quick, Imagination bold, A Taste correct, of Wit a sparkling vein, A Memory deep, and constant to retain.-Enrich'd with all the treasures of a mine, He woos no Muse, a recreant to the nine, Or but with foreign incense heaps the shrine:

An pingues Asiæ campi collesque morantur,

bQuid studiosa colors juvenum struit? hæc quoque curo:

Quis sibì res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?

Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in ævum?

cQuid mihi Celsus agit? monitus multumque monendus

Yet greet him fair; but warn him o'er and o'er, As I have oft admonish'd him before, From Bodley's dross and rubble to refrain, And coin to cash his own pure-metall'd brain.

'Lest, on some luckless day, there flock together Birds of all flights, of every note and feather, Provençals, Scalds, Monks, Minstrels, Troubadours, Who pecking out his borrow'd plumes by scores Shall leave him bare, and in as raw a state, As any fresh-pluck'd Under-graduate.—

eNot least, though latest, let me next inquire What themes your pencil or your pen inspire: For both, though rivals in the graphic art, Content the palm of victory to part,

Privatas ut quærat opes, et tangere vitet Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo: ⁴Ne, si forte suas repetitum venerit olim Grex avium plumas, moveat Cornicula risum Furtivis nudata coloribus. ⁴Ipse quid audes? Like sister Bees around Apollo's bower, Together toil, and rifle ev'ry flower.

Say, do you tune with more than Pindar's fire To Runic rhymes the Caledonian lyre? Or arm your heroes with dramatic rage, To fret, and strut their hour upon the stage? Bold as the Theban, but more wise, you spurn The foggy lakes, yet not fastidious turn From healthier rivers, at whose social brink, Saxons and Northern Picts united drink: Hail to the Bard, in whose poetic creed Isis and Charwell's classic banks precede Pindar's Alpheus, Scot's enchanting Tweed! Not like the Arabian Patriarch, he leaves The land of Porridge for the land of Beeves. Oat-cakes for commons; plaid for sable crape; His very Bonnet takes a Trencher's shape:

Quæ circum-volitas agilis thyma?—
'Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,
Fastidire lacus, et rivos ausus apertos,
Ut valet, ut meminit nostri? fidibusne Latinis

Well-breech'd, and button'd close from hip to leg,
"A fig," quoth he, "for Pouch and Fillibeg."
Enough—enough! However prone to blend
Satire with mirth, I mean not to offend:
You know my heart; if I have err'd in aught.
Forgive the trespass, give it not a thought:
But come, for come you must, though plac'd as wide,
As Thule's cliffs from Fal's* deserted tide,
(Where now, alas! no packets put to sea,
But howl, like Tyrians at the tradeless quay.)
'I'll feast my Prodigal, come when you will,
And strain my purse the fatted calf to kill.

Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice Musa, An tragica desævit et ampullatur in arte?— Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.

• The author takes this occasion, with respectful deference to those with whom the remedy lies, to represent the daily rain of individuals, and as he conceives, the serious disadvantage to public service, resulting from the removal of the Government Packets from Falmouth harbour: and for better authority than his own on this subject, refers his readers to a pamphlet entitled, "A Letter on the extension of the Naval Establishment: Falmouth Harbour, &c. By a Captain in the Royal Navy." Hatchard, 1810.

IMITATION

OF THE

FOURTH EPISTLE OF HORACE,

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD EDENSOR HEATHCOTE, ESQ.

CONDOVER PARK, SALOP.

- Memor

Actæ non alio Rege puertiæ Mutatæque simul togæ.

DEAR Heathcote, ever wont to blend, The Critic with the partial friend, Say, do'st thou bid thy pipe resound, Asa Shenstone erst, the Wreckin round: And teach thy Pegasus to gallop Over the hills and dales of Salop;

⁴Albi nostrorum sermonum candide judex Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione^b Pedanâ Scribere quod^a Cassì Parmensis opuscula vincat? Or wrapt in silent shades explore The paths of philosophic lore? Or, mounted on some earth-born steed. For horns renounce the Doric reed? Sure thou hast too much genuine fire, To sink intoc the Country Squire: The Fates to thy deserts have given The choicest blessings under Heaven; Health, Friends, and Affluence; the Art, Without profusion to impart; A liberal hand, a glowing heart: Nature to these a manly frame, The Muse hath added classic fame; Of wit and eloquence a store: What would our dAlma Mater more. Feel then thy level, and disdain, Each grov'ling joy, and paltry pain;

An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres

Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente, bonoque?

Non tuc corpus eras sine pectore. Di tibi formam,

Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemq; fruendi.

Quid voveat dulci d'Nutricula majus Alumno

And keep, whatever intervenes,
A state proportion'd to thy means.
In calculating Life's amount,
Think every day will close the account;
And should an overplus remain,
'Tis clear unestimated gain.
When tir'd of too much sober sense,
Come here and laugh at my expence.
Thou'lt find, though sorely out of feed,
A pig of Epicurus' breed;
In short, old Horace to a tittle,
Ere he grew fat, and full of victual.

Qui sapere & fari possit, quæ sentiat, & cui Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè. Et mundus victus, non deficiente erumenà? Inter spem, curamq; timores inter & iras, Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum: Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora. Me pinguem & nitidum benè curatá cute vises, Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

TRANSLATED.

FIRED by a mortal slame, the Queen of Love, In distant shades forgets the Cyprian grove, Cnidos and Paphos now delight no more, Nor Amathus renown'd for precious ore; E'en blest Olympus vields unenvied charms, She knows no heav'n but in Adonis' arms: Held in delicious chains, the captive boy His youth inglorious wastes in idle joy; For him the Goddess trims her rosy bowers, The slave and partner of his blissful hours, For him with comely robes her form improves, Her heavenly form, that brightens, as she moves, With livelier beauties, and with keener loves. Idalias Goddess, now a huntress grown, For chaste Diana's garb forsakes her own,

O'er hill and dale she springs with active grace, Bare to the knee and buskin'd for the chase, Cheers the swift pack, and o'er the scented lawn The doubling hare and lightly bounding fawn With wary speed pursues; but dreads the roar Of the chaf'd lion, and the bristly boar: For oft her fears-ill omen of thy doom, Ah! luckless youth-forestall'd her woes to come. Oh had her boding cries, and piteous tears Inspir'd thy breast, Adonis, with her fears-As thus she spoke! "Too venturous youth, beware, Nor brave the peril that portends my care; Lest the short triumphs which thy valour gains To me be sources of eternal pains. Bold though thou art-'tis madness to engage With brutes in strength superior, as in rage; O'er harmless game indulge in boundless sport. These Nature arms with fury to retort: For, ah! not e'en thy form or blooming age, The wrath of wolves and tygers can assuage; Those charms that won thy Cytherea's soul, Can they the boar's insatiate tusk controul?

Methinks I view the ruthless monster nigh, Death in his jaws, and murder in his eye, Swift as the bolt he points the side-long wound, And roots thy trampled beauties to the ground. Nor less from feats of daring force refrain, Where'er the tawny lion prowls amain: Sport of my scorn, that execrated brood Records an ancient legendary feud: Which would'st thou learn-thy Venus shall relate The cause and wond'rous issue of her hate. But first awhile my spirits to restore, Worn for thy sake with toils unknown before. Here let us rest-beneath you aspin's shade, A waving canopy for lovers made. Lo! where around the mossy turf bestows, A verdant couch inviting to repose."-She said-and sinking on the flowery bed, Beside the youth reclin'd her languid head: Then thus-while ev'ry graceful turn confess'd Her bright divinity, the tale address'd-Yet pausing oft, reluctant to pursue With mix'd endearments interrupts the clue.

THE STORY OF

HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA.

If Fame hath e'er reported to thine ear
A nymph for swiftness own'd without a peer,
Whose skill in rival feats could e'er subdue
The stronger sex—ne'er deem the tale untrue.
Fair Atalanta, matchless in the race,
No less excell'd for loveliness of face,
Her form and speed, competitors for fame,
Each unsurpass'd, preferr'd an equal claim,
Nor could the judgment of impartial eyes
To either grant the litigated prize—
How blest, proud dame, had been that envied state,
Had no stern counterpoise of adverse fate

Outweigh'd the good! but fast impending woes In dark prophetic warnings interpose: For thus Apollo from the Delphic shrine Was heard in threat'ning accents to divine: " Fly, while thou may'st-sad Atalanta, fly The porch of Hymen, and the nuptial tie-Yet know thou can'st not-doom'd while yet alive, To lose thyself, and thou the loss survive." Warn'd by these oracles, the royal maid, In some deep forest's unfrequented shade, Veils her ill-fated charms: but ah! what care Can from love's piercing search protect the fair? Her secret haunts betray'd, a busy train, Their amorous suit, unwearied by disdain, Ceaseless intrude.-She to evade their love Bids them these hard conditions first approve, " Nor think," she said, "unpurchas'd to obtain The palm which Victory alone must gain: Vanquish'd I'll yield-with me contend in speed, And Atalanta be the victor's meed. Who fails presumptuous, shall by death atone His daring claim—be these the terms alone."

Though harsh the law, 'twas Beauty that decreed. And crowds of rash pretenders daily bleed. With them, spectator of th' eventful game, Hippomenes from far Bœotia came, But not by love inspir'd-he scorn'd the yoke, And thus indignant, as he sate, he spoke: " If 'tis so perilous a wish to wed, Ye Gods, I envy not the marriage-bed." Vain was this rash defiance-for erelong His heart revers'd the sentence of his tongue: For when her form the virgin unarray'd As fair and faultless as my own display'd, Or such as thine, Adonis, to behold, Had Nature fram'd thee in a female mould, Wild with surprise, with hands uplifted high, "Not you, ye bold adventurers, but I Have falsely judg'd, forgive the wretch" he cries, "Who spurn'd the contest ere he weigh'd the prize." Warm'd with the praises, which himself bestows, He dreads his rivals, and with envy glows; Restless he sits, with eager eyes intent, Surveys the course, and trembles for th' event:

"But wherefore thus, irresolute, delay The chance of glorious conquest to essay? Great is the stake, a Mistress or a grave; But fortune's dearest minions are the brave." While thus he ponders, with as light a spring As shoots an arrow from the Scythian string, The virgin starts; yet could her feet ne'er vie With the quick glances of the lover's eye; Each look, each varying motion they pursue, And as he gaz'd his admiration grew; For ev'ry charm, new-kindled by the race, Blush'd into blaze and quicken'd into grace: Her clinging vest, around her ancles twin'd, Wav'd as she pass'd, and flutter'd in the wind; And o'er her ivory shoulders to the knee, Where the loose broider'd skirts asunder flee, Her wand'ring locks descend; a glow more warm Supplants the virgin whiteness of her form: As some bright veil, whereon the sunbeams fall, Tints with a crimson shade the Parian wall. While yet the sight engross'd the Prince's soul, The race is run, and at the furthest goal

Crown'd with triumphant wreaths the Vict'ress stood: The groaning victims pay their forfeit blood. Nor could their fate the dauntless youth dissuade; Firm he arose, and thus address'd the maid. "Mean is the prize by worthless rivals lost; An easy conquest is an empty boast: But if a nobler zeal thy breast inflame, With me contending, doubly seek for fame, Whate'er the event-should I thy conqueror be, 'Twere no dishonour to be foil'd by me; For know from royal Megareus I spring, Whose sire Onchestus did from Neptune bring His proud descent: thus am I fourth in blood From him whose trident rules the wat'ry flood, Nor less for prowess than for birth renown'd, Both, if I fail, shall to thy praise redound; And deathless fame thy Victory complete, Ennobled by Hippomenes' defeat." Thus while he spoke, a tender look express'd The doubts that labour'd in the virgin's breast, Nor could her fluctuating mind decide, Whether unwoo'd to win, or yield a bride;

"What God," she cries, "to comeliness a foe, For envy points th' inevitable blow? And bids him thus his destin'd life forswear, For these poor arms a sacrifice too dear? Yet not his form, (though that perchance might move) Nor yet himself; his blooming age I love: His valour too to pity might incline, Or that he springs from Neptune's godlike line, Or that he loves, and sets a price so high Upon these charms, as for their sake to die. Ah! fly, rash youth; thy fatal suit forego, Death is my dower, and my alliance woe: Thy proud deserts entitle thee to claim Some worthier match, some more propitious dame: But whence this fond invidious pref'rence shewn, When crowds unpitied bleed, to one alone? No, let him fall; fit object of my scorn, A listless wretch, whom no examples warn. And must he die, and I the sentence give, For that he nobly strove with me to live? My vict'ry then a guilty deed would prove; His death the recompense of faithful love.

And yet not I, thy rashness prompts the sin: O! wert thou slow to try, or swift to win. What blushing grace adorns his modest mien! Would I had ne'er those fatal beauties seen! Worthy thou wert a better lot to find, Than share the miseries to mine assign'd. Or rather, would th' importunate command Had ne'er from wedlock held my fated hand! Blest had I been a mutual love to own Due but to thee, and but for thee unknown." She said; and with a new-born passion mov'd, Felt all the flame, yet knew not that she lov'd. The many now, with shouts that rend the air, Demand the race, and Cæneus bids prepare; When thus Hippomenes my aid desir'd: "Aid, Goddess, aid the work, by thee inspir'd." Swift to mine ear propitious breezes bear The winged words; and granted was the prayer.

Around my sacred dome a garden smiles, The fairest portion of the Queen of isles, By Cypriots nam'd the Tamasean plain, Where shrin'd in consecrated shades I reign: There in the centre of the hallow'd grove Stands a fair plant, and proudly peers above, Whose clust'ring boughs bright burnish'd fruits unfold, And crackling leaves that vegetate in gold. Three glitt'ring apples from the rest I chuse, And at his need instruct the Prince to use: When, lo! the trumpet sounds, and both amain Start from the post, and scour along the plain; A step so light th' unvielding corn might sweep, Or graze th' unruffl'd surface of the deep: Loud bursts of acclamation strike the skies, "Haste, haste, Hippomenes," the rabble cries; "Strain ev'ry nerve, be bold, and snatch the prize." 'Twere hard to tell to which the sound convey'd The greater joy, the hero, or the maid: How oft she curb'd the fury of the race To cast a sidelong glance upon his face! Then sigh'd her own transcendent speed to find, Reluctant fled, and left her heart behind. Quick pants the youth; despair o'erwhelms his soul; Faint was his breath, and distant was the goal. Then first observant of my will he cast A golden ball, that bounded as it pass'd,

Till full in Atalanta's path it lay. Check'd in mid flight, and lur'd her to delay; When, as she stoops to seize the precious toy, He springs before: the many shout for joy. But soon the maid regain'd the distance lost, And still had vanquish'd at her lover's cost; When straight another rolling globe he threw; Again he triumph'd, to be foil'd anew. Short distance now remain'd, the doom accurst Was hard at hand, and Atalanta first: The Prince pursued afar: "Be thou my guide. Celestial author of the gift," he cried, And whirl'd at once, with well-directed force, The third bright apple, now his last resource. Obedient to his aim, the missive gold Athwart the measur'd course obliquely roll'd: Awhile she paus'd: I mark'd her wav'ring mind, And to the bias of her wish inclin'd: Once more the fruit she seiz'd; the massy freight Impedes her course; my power increas'd the weight. But, to be brief, and lest the tale appear To halt like Atalanta in the rear,

The Maid was beat: and with a victor's pride, Hippomenes exulting claim'd the bride. And sure, methinks, to my so potent aid Some gratitude was due: but none was paid; The wretch unmindful how he won the prize, Bade at my shrine no pious odours rise. At this incens'd; " Let all henceforth be warn'd. Nor with impunity my power be scorn'd." I said; and kindling into sudden hate, Ordain'd a dire example in their fate. It chanc'd, that, journeying near the dread abodes, To the Great Mother of th' immortal Gods By old Echion rear'd, th' unconscious pair There sought the toils of travel to repair Beneath th' imbow'ring shades: 'twas then that, fir'd With fierce intemp'rate heat by me inspir'd, The luckless Lover burn'd. Hard by there stood, Hewn in the pumice rock, o'erhung with wood, A deep recess, in whose religious shade The mutt'ring priest to wooden idols pray'd: Here rash Hippomenes in evil hour With sacrilegious love profan'd the bower.

With eyes averted at the foul disgrace, The trembling statues totter'd to their base: And on her front, that wore an angry look, Her hundred towers the Goddess-Mother shook. And first, to expiate the detested deed. Deep in the Stygian lake her wrath decreed To plunge them headlong; but that doom had been Too mild a sentence for so black a sin. A hideous change ensues: their necks sustain. No longer smooth, a load of shaggy mane: Their spreading hands, contracted into paws, For taper fingers end in crooked claws; In front a mass of cumb'rous strength they find, And slowly drag a length of tail behind. Hoarse roars the throat, where words were wont to flow, And grim-fac'd Fury settles on their brow. Couch'd in the woods, eternal war they wage, By force subsist, and propagate in rage; Dreaded by all, save Cybele alone, Long years of toil their sacrilege atone; Her Lions now, they feel the galling rein, And draw with stately pace the Berecynthian wain.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

SPEECH OF THERAMENES,

FROM THE

PHÆDRE OF RACINE.

SCARCE issued from the gates, in sad array,
The Prince pursued his melancholy way;
Beside his car with measur'd steps and slow,
March'd his stern guards, the partners of his woe;
Pensive he bends to fam'd Mycene's plains,
And o'er the coursers drops the careless reins:
Those gen'rous coursers of ethereal soul,
Once fiery, fierce, impatient of controul,
Now droop'd the mournful head with mute accord,
And seem'd to share the sorrows of their lord.

Just then from out the deep a hideous roar Fill'd all the air, and peal'd along the shore, And from the central earth a hollow cry, With stifled echoes mutter'd in reply. Aghast in speechless agony we stood; Back to each heart recoil'd the freezing blood; The list'ning steeds with wild distraction gaze, And trembling start, and bristle with amaze: Meanwhile high-towering o'er the wat'ry plain, A liquid mountain issued from the main; Th' unwieldy wave advancing to the land, Burst with loud surges on the sounding strand; And vomited from forth the spumy flood, Full in our sight a grisly monster stood: In circling folds his slimy length he trails, Horn'd was his front, his limbs o'erspread with scales. To arm his varied form with double might, The Dragon fierce, and sturdy Bull unite. Earth trembles at his roar, the rocks reply, His breath contagious blots the sickening sky, And Ocean shrinking from th' infected shore, Starts back affrighted from the pest he bore.

Breathless we run some neighb'ring roof to gain, Nor scorn to fly, where all defence were vain. Not so Hippolytus: alone unmov'd, He dares the fight, a hero's son approv'd, Checks his proud steeds, and grasps in haste to slay His thirsty lance, impatient for the prey: Pois'd by no erring hand, the faithful dart Sinks deep, and quivers in the monster's heart. Frantic with rage and pain, the savage wreaths, As gasping at the victor's feet he breathes From his envenom'd jaws a mingled flood Of rolling smoke, and fire, and streaming blood, Swift scour the madd'ning steeds, and wing'd with fear. Nor heed the rein, nor threat'ning charioteer: All force and skill alike avail no more; The galling bit runs crimson with their gore: Some God, 'tis said, as of the Fury train, With snaky lash provok'd their speed amain: O'er trackless wastes and rugged steeps they dash; The rifted axle yields a deadly crash; And hurl'd abroad in wild disorder far Fly the loose fragments of the shatter'd car.

Bound in the tangled reins, the youth is thrown. And in his chariot's ruin views his own: I saw, alas! I saw him lifeless spread. Torn by the steeds his fatal bounty fed: His well-known voice that should abate their fear. But adds new fury to their mad career; The mangled carcase trail'd along the ground, One shapeless clot appears, one universal wound. Till, spent at last, they slacken in their pace, Drawn by strong impulse to that fated place. Where ancient tombs and sacred urns inshrine The mould'ring relics of his princely line. Thither we speed, and o'er the craggy shore Pursue the purple traces of his gore: Nor vain the search; the rocks discolour'd bear His flesh still quiv'ring, and his clotted hair: Approaching near, "Hippolytus!" in vain, "Hippolytus!" I cry. The Prince with pain Scarce rais'd his dying eyes, and clos'd again: Then feebly spoke; "A guiltless death I die: On thee alone my parting cares rely. This last fond wish, Theramenes, attend: Thou hast been mine, be thou Aricia's friend:

And should my sire by late conviction won,
E'er weep the fortune of an injur'd son,
Bid him requite my melancholy shade
With proffer'd bounty to the captive maid;
Bid him restore—." At this his fleeting breath
No more could struggle with prevailing death;
But in my arms the shapeless body left,
Of speech, of motion, and of life bereft;
So chang'd, alas! that in that sad disguise
The Son might e'en elude a Father's eyes:
A wretched victim doom'd on earth to shew,
What fatal ills from heav'nly vengeance flow.

FINIS.

J. M'CREERY, Printer, Black-Horse-court, Fleet-street, London.

ALTER THE FOLLOWING,—P. 233, L. 11.

By Pamphlet, Pasquinade, Review.

ENGLISH LYRICS.

THIRD EDITION.

BY WILLIAM SMYTH,

FELLOW OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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ENGLISH LYRICS.

LINES

Found in a Bower facing the South.

SOFT Cherub of the southern breeze,
O thou whose voice I love to hear,
When lingering thro' the rustling trees,
With lengthened sighs it sooths mine ear;

O thou whose fond embrace to meet,
The young Spring all enamoured flies,
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,
And on thee pours her laughing eyes!

Thou at whose call the light Fays start,
That silent in their hidden bower
Lie penciling with tenderest art,
The blossom thin and infant flower!

Soft Cherub of the southern breeze,
O if aright I tune the reed
Which thus thine ear would hope to please,
By simple lay, and humble meed;

And if aright, with anxious zeal,
My willing hands this bower have made,
Still let this bower thine influence feel,
And be its gloom thy favourite shade!

For thee of all the cherub train,
Alone my votive muse would woo,
Of all that skim along the main,
Or walk at dawn you mountains blue;

Of all that slumber in the grove, Or playful urge the gossamer's flight, Or down the vale or streamlet move, With whisper soft and pinion light. I court thee, thro' the glimmering air,
When morning springs from slumbers still,
And waving bright his golden hair,
Stands tiptoe on you eastern hill.

I court thee, when at noon reclined,

I watch the murmuring insect throng
In many an airy spiral wind,

Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee when the flow'rets close, And drink no more receding light, And when calm eve to soft repose, Sinks on the bosom of the night.

And when beneath the moon's pale beam, Alone mid shadowy rocks I roam, And waking visions round me gleam, Of beings and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour, Thou warm'st to life my languid mind; Thou-cheer'st a frame with genial power, That droops in every ruder wind. Breathe Cherub! breathe! once soft and warm,
Like thine the gale of Fortune blew,
How has the desolating storm
Swept all I gazed on from my view.

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom, The haunts of men indignant flee, Hold to my heart a listless gloom, And joy but in the muse and thee.

ODE TO FORTUNE.

Written in June 1793.

AND smil'st thou Fortune? with what eager haste,
Around the giddy troop are thronging seen,
That fly the gathering clouds, the wintry blast,
And love the zephyr warm, the sky serene!
Light Vanity, loud laughing Joy,
And Pleasure, with her wandering eye,
And Friendship false, with looks sincere,
And Flattery, with her fawning leer;
And Insolence, that fears not grief to know,
But turns from Misery's tale, nor feels another's woe!

O thou! that in thine anger keen,
And in indulgence, still unkind,
Now would'st from every virtue wean,
Now to distraction try the mind—
See when thou frown'st, how soon appear
Rude Ignorance, with brutal sneer,

The fiends that lift the lash on high,

The forms that tremble and that sigh,

And horror wild, with eyes that chilling glare,

Affection bending pale, and heedless still Despair!

Calm History opes, with sorrowing mien,

The volume of recorded years;

Mark, Fortune! where thy page is seen,

'Tis dyed with blood—'tis wet with tears—

Mourn on thou Bard* in deathless lays

Thy slighted Muse,—"thine evil days;"

Mourn Science o'er the early sage,†

The bigot fire, the iron age;

Brutus, lead on the hapless patriot train,

What countless hosts succeed! the great, the brave, the vain.

Thou Grandeur! first lead on th' unnumber'd band,
By fortune taught in every distant age;
Now proud to wave the sceptre of command,
Now lost, to sink beneath her giddy rage,
But hark! a moaning voice I hear,
From Fotheringay‡ it reach'd mine ear,
Fair queen! and hast thou unrestored
Unpitied still, a queen implored,

^{*} Milton † Galileo. ; The prison of Mary, Queen of Scots.

And could not all that art and nature gave, From thrice six years of sighs, and from a scaffold save?

Is that the cheek which once with beauty bloom'd,
That the soft smile that could the rudest warm,
Those the bright eyes that once a court illum'd,
And that the form that once a world could charm?

Eliza! that with iron mind,
A woman born, forgot'st thy kind,
Fiends at thy midnight couch shall wait,
Shall howl to thee of Mary's fate,

Her form glare near thee as thou sickening liest, And burning Essex come and scorn thee as thou diest!

Still seen where glory's path untrod was found, Fortune! by thee Charles* was to madness fired;

—A comet, that raged wild the world around, Then sudden at thy word, to night retired.

> For thee, at Louis'+ gaudy shrine, Low bowed the Arts, the Muse divine; Why call'dst thou Marlborough to invade The idol which thyself had made;

And pierce the bubble in bright tints attir'd, Launch'd gay on Folly's tide, and by thy breath inspir'd?

- "Return'st thou then again, thou lonely beam,
 - "To light the cell where Horror, ever reigns?
- "Thus thro' you lattice pour thy silent gleam,
 "And shew this wasted form—this straw—these chains?
 - "-Fortune! beyond the western wave,
 - " Did I for this th' oppressor brave?
 - "Did France start up from death and night,
 - "Touch'd by my spear, to life and light?"

—See Fortune how that captive shakes his chains, And blush that voice to hear, for 'tis FAYETTE complains.

And he, my lyre, who thus would fondly try,
To sound thy chords, with all untutor'd skill,
Was he ne'er doom'd by Fortune's frown to sigh,
And drink the cup her hands with sorrow fill?
Alas! how beauteous to his gaze,
Once rose the forms that Hope pourtrays,
When Fortune in thy lap she lies,
And steals thy pencil and thy dyes:
How joyless now, how solitary here
On earth I languid wait, till happier worlds appear!

Yet cease my muse!—to me was Fortune kind,
O cast thy glance appall'd to Gallia's shore,
Mark there—the whirlwinds of her changeful mind,
How the world rocks beneath her awful power.

Mourn, ever mourn, thou generous sage!

That fondly hoped a brighter age,
Check thy weak heart's presumptuous zeal,
Man cannot reason, cannot feel—

Bid Virtue hasten to some desert lone,
And hail the wilds that hear no footsteps but her own.

ANACREONTIC.

BRIGHT while smiles the sparkling wine,
Music, breathe thy softened strain,
Bid the heart its griefs resign,
Useless cares and wishes vain.
Time our sorrow or our joy,
Heedless, will alike destroy.

Hope, to cheer the path we tread,
Can but bid her violets spring;
Mirth, but round her sunshine spread,
Pleasure, but her roses bring;
Catch, enjoy, the noon-tide ray,
Ere lowers the sky, ere sets the day.

STANZAS TO FANCY.

THE dreams that own thy soft control,
Come Fancy for thy votary weave;
Lift high thy wand! my willing soul,
Shall bless thy fictions, and believe.
The gale too rude, the lowering sky,
The cheerless path I long have known,
Come aid me Fancy, to descry
A world far happier of our own.

Fine forms alone shall visit there,
With gentle voice and soften'd mien;
Nor cold Distrust, nor Pride severe,
Nor Selfishness shall there be seen;
And Hope shall with her sunshine gay,
Light up our landscapes and our skies,
And Tenderness there fearless stray,
With swelling heart and dewy eyes.

The hapless plant, whose feeling frame,
Turns from the stranger's touch away,
Exists but in the soften'd beam,
Which art around it can convey;
By every passing gale distrest,
By coarser stems that near it rise,
By every impulse rude opprest,
Expose it, and like me, it dies!

VERSES

Sent to a Lady with a Prize Garnation.

To her, who shall thy beauties know,
With taste to mark, with skill explore;
Go, flower, in modest triumph go,
And charm the maid that I adore—
Go, envied flower, and whilst her eye
Surveys thy form with critic care,
And while she smiles bestows, which I
Would barter worlds with thee to share,
In thine own history, if thou canst, impart
The thought I cannot speak, that glows within my heart.

Thus tell her, that in thee she views
A flower for beauty far renown'd,
The fairest form, the brightest hues,
Approv'd, admir'd the country round;
Tell her to find a flower as fair,
That I myself with happy pride,
Search'd every garden and parterre,
But flower like thee I none descried,

No flower by nature's hand, so richly drest, So partially adorned, so exquisitely blest.

But tell her, I with reason fear'd,

A stem like thine could ne'er sustain
Singly, so weak, so unprepar'd,

The driving wind, the beating rain;
And say, that hence a stronger reed
I stationed at thy friendless side,
A guardian band round each convey'd,
And both in happy union tied,
That wedded thus, safe could thy gentle form,
Pour forth its opening sweets, and mock the coming storm.

Thus, 'sweet ambassadress, from me,

Thus, beauteous flower, bespeak the fair,

And if she should the moral see,

(For more is meant than meets the ear)

And if thou mark a truant smile,

Quick o'er her bright'ning features fly,

And if a vivid gleam, the while,

Fire the blue lustre of her eye;

Ah! then, thou loveliest flower! kind, faithful be,

And bear one fond, one warm, one trembling vow from me.

THE ADIEU.

CEASE, cease those sighs! I cannot bear,
Hark, hark, the drums are calling;
O, I must chide that coward tear,
Yet kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza! bid thy soldier go,

Why thus my heart-strings sever?

Ah! be not thou my honour's foe,

Or I am lost for ever.

Trust, trust that Being kind above!
With mind serene and steady,
He'll never bruise, believe me, love!
The heart that breaks already.

He thy soul's inmost thoughts can share, And all its springs discover; He'll teach thy weakness how to bear, Or give thee back thy lover. Is He—the mighty Lord of all,
Unable to protect thee?
Will He who marks the sparrow fall
O'erlook thee or neglect thee?

Serene yon dreadful field I see; Whatever fate betide me, Thy innocence shall shelter thee, And I've no wish beside thee.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN WITH A PEN GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR
BY A LADY, WHO DESIRED HIM TO
WRITE VERSES WITH IT.

AGAIN the morn I see return,
From restless slumbers waking;
And list, I hear kind Fancy near,
Thus o'er my pillow speaking;

- "In eastern skies, unnumbered dyes
- " Gay sportive Sylphs are blending,
- "And busy Fays support and raise
 - " The flowers with dew-drops bending.
- "Describe," she cries, " or ere it flies
 - " Each tint and beauty glowing."-
- —I hear—I gaze—my pen I seize, My raptur'd heart o'erflowing—

I turn away—the tints decay—
 And Fancy hastes to leave me;

 For I too pleas'd, the pen have seiz'd,
 The pen that Julia gave me.

The stream I find, and there reclin'd
At noon, lie idly musing;
In thoughts that range through visions strange,
Myself all listless losing;
Or marking light, o'er mountains bright,
The cloud's thin shadow sailing,
Or the quick blaze, that tremulous plays
The fallow warm exhaling.

I watch the fly of azure dye,
Adown the stream gay roving;
Or earnest bee, unlike to me,
Its little hour improving—
Where, stream, so fast with fretful haste?
Thy murmurs sound like mourning,
Thou seem'st with pain, to seek the main,
And art thou ne'er returning?

Thus fleets away life's little day—
—Soft Fancy hovers o'er me;

"Come Bard, arise, come sketch," she cries,

"The moral here before thee,"

Her smiles illume my bosom's gloom—
But, Fancy, dost thou leave me?
Ah me! again I've seiz'd the pen,

-Ah me! again I've seiz'd the pen,
The pen that Julia gave me.

I leave the rill, I climb the hill,
What time the flowers are closing;
And mark the while, oppress'd with toil,
The western sun reposing;
Now see the wave, his broad orb lave,
Now see the wave bright gleaming;
Now o'er the skies, with gorgeous dyes,
His parting mantle streaming.

Beside the grove alone I rove,
And watch the landscape fading,
And evening see, with smiles to me,
Calm contemplation leading;
Soft sighs I hear of breezy air,
And streams at distance falling,
Or the lone bird at twilight heard,
Its truant partner calling.

Far from me flies, or sinks and dies,
Within, each rude emotion;
Stay, evening, stay, to thee I'll pay
A meed of true devotion;

Ne'er will the muse for thee refuse—

-Soft visions, how you leave me?

Ah me! again I've seiz'd the pen,

The pen that Julia gave me.

Silent I stray beneath the ray,
The moon, lone wanderer, lends me:
Thou modest Power, I love thy hour,
Kind pensiveness attends thee;

I love thy light all silvery bright, That on the sea-wave dances,

That tips the hill, that skirts the rill, And in the valley glances.—

Pleas'd let me gaze, and mark her rays, Now the fair spire disclosing, Now sparkling shew outstretch'd below Yon star, the main reposing;

The shadowy scene, the sky serene, The soften'd air diffusing

A charm to bind th' o'erflowing mind, In melancholy musing.

Beyond that main, ah me; complain
What countless sons of anguish!
Tho' these bless'd plains, no slaughter stains,
Tho' here no mourners languish—

The gen'rous Pole with fainting soul,
From reeking tyrants flying,
To Britain's strand, to Freedom's land,
In vain for pity sighing.

Muse! wake the strain, that fires disdain, Bid justice, Nature, hear thee-

—But whence and why thus meet my eye
The Forms that now are near me?

Soft Forms bedight in rosy light,

They smile—they will not leave me—

—Ah! me, again I've seiz'd the pen, The pen that Julia gave me.

—My soul is thine, thou gift divine!
Be thine my fond effusions;

The Muse I'll fly, of curious eye, And mock her cold illusions:

Thou thrill'st my sight, with wild delight, With dreams of hope and pleasure!

Thou bear'st a charm, my soul to warm, That passes Fancy's measure.

What spells are bound thy Form around,
That thus my heart disquiet,
That pour amain, thro' ev'ry vein,
This wild unbidden riot?

I turn my sight, from visions bright,
With which the muse once bless'd me;
I turn to thee, come sketch for me,
The maid that once possess'd thee;

The smile that flies, and warms her eyes,
When fancy melts or fires her;
The loves that sip her roseate lip,
The softness that attires her,
The blooms that speak, quick o'er her cheek,
Kind sympathies pourtraying,
The lambent rays of grace and ease,
For ever round her playing.

—Why, Fancy, here uncalled appear, Significantly smiling;

As if my breast some pow'r possest,
Too fatally beguiling?

Then lend thine aid! come I'll persuade, This treach'rous Power to leave me;

-But ah! again I've seiz'd the pen, The pen that Julia gave me.

LINES

Written in a Garden Seat.

IF Mirth alone to thee be dear,
If Sorrow ne'er thy heart refin'd,
If frolic youth thy bosom cheer,
And spirits light, and Fortune kind,

No longer let thine eye peruse
What here inscribed thy glance may see;
For I this artless verse would chuse,
Unmarked by mortals blest like thee.

But, stranger, at the touch of pain

If e'er thy heart was doomed to thrill,

If Melancholy ever deign

To steep thy soul in slumbers still;

If harsh unkindness e'er for thee
Prepared that keen envenomed dart,
Which tenderness can seldom flee,
And left it rankling in thy heart;

Thee would I greet with kindliest lay,
Would say like thee that others mourn,
And chide thee soft, if chide I may,
And bid thee bear what I have borne.

And tell thee, stranger, if to me
Thy sacred griefs had but been known,
One heart at least had felt for thee,
And made thy sorrows all its own,

THE REVERIE.

——Oh Love! Tormentor! Fiend! whose influence, like the Moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes Idiots of them; but meeting subtler spirits betrays their course, and urges Sensibility to Madness.

SHERIDAN.

COULD Julia, were she present, chide,
If down my cheek unbidden strays
A tear, which I in vain would hide,
In fancy while on her I gaze?
Her form, which musing I survey,
Now whispers to my wayward heart,
That even her charms must feel decay,
That life must close—that we must part—

And must then, youth's gay summer past,
The sky that smiles, the gales that warm,
Must Julia feel the piercing blast,
And shudder in the wintry storm?

Has nature breath'd with tenderest care,
Perfection o'er her matchless frame;
No happier privilege to share,
No rescue from decay to claim?

Must all that glow, that spirit gay,
That essence fine, that angel mind,
From rudest moulds of vulgar clay,
No kind distinction hope to find?
Time! canst thou view a form so fair,
Nor wish thy triumph to resign?
Resides no charm superior there,
To bid thee feel one pang like mine?

Ah Julia! must that morrow come,
When I in anguish shall behold
That cheek with animated bloom
No longer warm—pale, shrunk—and cold—
Those lips, whence I such kisses steal,
Robb'd of their dye and honied store,
No more to make one proud appeal,
Or speak one tempting challenge more?

Ah! must that hour at length arrive,
When I may press that hand so fair,
Now to my slightest touch alive,
Yet feel no pulses trembling there?—

Nor more those eyes of soften'd blue With liquid fondness sparkling beam, But seem their long, their last adieu, In every faded look to gleam.

In some dread season of despair,
Must keen disease, must wasting pain,
Seize e'en thy form? and I be near,
To count the sighs that moan in vain;
Wipe thy damp brow, with trembling hand,
See o'er thy frame Death's tremors creep,
Pale o'er thy sinking ruin stand,
And feel the grief that cannot weep.—

Oh Julia! let me far remove,

Far from those charms I must adore;

To me 'tis agony to love—

Far let me fly, and love no more—

Cease madd'ning thought! with thee to part—

Thou pow'r that hear'st the feeblest call,

Thou pow'r that guard'st the breaking heart,

—Oh save! for I am weakness all.—

FOR THE

BLIND ASYLUM,

LIVERPOOL.

STRANGER, pause—for thee the day Smiling pours its cheerful ray, Spreads the lawn, and rears the bower, Lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pause—with soften'd mind, Learn the sorrows of the Blind; Earth and seas, and varying skies, Visit not their cheerless eyes.

Not for them the bliss to trace The chissel's animating grace; Nor on the glowing canvas find The poet's soul, the sage's mind. Not for them the heart is seen, Speaking thro' th' expressive mien; Not for them are pictur'd there Friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless, as they slowly stray, Childhood points their cheerless way; Or the wand exploring guides Fault'ring steps, where fear presides.

Yet for them has Genius kind Humble pleasures here assign'd; Here with unexpected ray, Reach'd the soul that felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet Kindred woes, and converse sweet: Torpid once, can learn to smile Proudly o'er its useful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,
Op'd on day the darken'd eye;
Humbly copy—thou canst feel—
Give thine alms—thou canst not heal.

VERSES,

ENCLOSING SOME BRIDE-CAKE, LEFT ON THE TOILET OF A LADY.

BENEATH thy pillow, gentle maid,
Be this my magic present laid,
And soon as sleep shall near thee steal,
And thy mild eyes' soft lustre veil;
And soon as we, a fairy train,
That still flit round thee, still unseen,
Have gazing mark'd, with fond regret,
Each waking grace till morning set;
To bless thy slumbers shall arise
Bright visions, dress'd in mystic dyes;
Gay forms shall seem, in jocund measure,
Round thee to dance, and promise pleasure.

Some smile, and bid new scenes appear; Some whisper secrets in thine ear; And others to thy beating heart, Sweeter and dearer thoughts impart, Than thou, tho' musing and alone, In waking hours hast ever known—

Yet, ere my gift would lose its power, And these blest visions would be o'er, Some envious Gnome may interpose, And dare thine eye-lids to unclose; Or some bright scene of promis'd joy May some fine nerve so rudely try, Shoot thro' thy brain so fierce an heat, Or bid some pulse so quickly beat, That thou, or ere the morning wake, Shalt feel thy rosy slumbers break; Then think, while all the room around, Thine ear can catch no mortal sound: All darkness, solitude, and quiet, Save thine own heart's unusual riot, While musing on the visions past, Thou sigh'st such dreams no longer last, Find'st every dear delusion gone, Each shadowy joy for ever flown,

Hangst o'er each scene with fondness vain, And almost weep'st to sleep again, And vow'st, that for repose like this Thou'dst years bestow of waking bliss; Then think and let thy bosom own How much thou owest to Oberon.

And how shall this, thou gentle maid, Thy debt to Oberon be paid 2id case !. Oh! swear by all the night has told, By all the future may unfold; a. 1 22. By all the vows, and ardent sighs That hourly to thy beauty rise; By every hope thine heart has known, By all it can, and cannot own; 274 By all the triumphs of thine eye. And by that rose of conscious dye Which, ereithe night be past; shall break With fresher lustre o'er thy cheek; Oh! swear if lips of mortal clay. Could joy to lips like mine convey; Oh! swear when next we meet alone, Thou'dst give one kiss to Oberon; And richly will I own, fair maid, Thy debt to Oberon o'erpaid.

For this shall all our fairy choir
Watch near thee when thou strik'st the lyre:
Each string, with oft repeated care,
Tune, till it please a fairy ear;
Nor let the lagging leaf impede
Thy rapid fingers' brilliant speed;
The melting trill, the cadence sweet,
The grace, inspirit and complete;
Thine hand o'er every chord attend,
To every note a finish lend,
And something to thy touch impart,
Shall almost vie with Gramer's art.

Others for this on busy wing
Shall treasures for thy pallet bring.
Some gather colours from the flowers
That bloom unknown in fairy bowers;
Some viewless mount, and catch the dyes
That glittering float in western skies;
Some steal the vivid tints away,
That in the bright Aurora play;
And some the hues that richly glow,
Quick freshening in the liquid bow:
And when thou bidst the landscape warm,
Or the bold starting figure charm;

Or when thy hand, meand'ring, pours
O'er the light gauze the living flowers;
Or deigns its magic to employ
To deck the ribbon, or the toy;
Whate'er the work—the work to bless,
Myriads shall round thy pencil press;
With tiny hands, and fairy care,
Adjust, compose each straggling hair,
And call, where'er thy touch is found,
A delicate perfection round,
Which mortal art has never known,
And Crewe herself would fear to own.

I too, will pray each Power above,
Who beauty, youth, and virtue love,
No longer to withhold each blessing,
I know they mean for thy possessing;
But realize without delay,
Whate'er, while visions round thee play,
This night thine eyes may seem to view,
And thine heart wish, to-morrow, true.

THE DREAM.

STAY, gentle spirit of the night, Oh! fly not thus—in pity stay! I sicken at returning light; Prolong my dream, forbid the day!

Sleeping, I thought, my Myra fair Hung fondly on my arm reclin'd, Nor felt the while my heart aware, The maid had ever been unkind.

Still seems her form my sight to bless,
To smile and linger on my view—
Still seems her gentle hand to press;
Still speak her eyes of liquid blue.

Still vibrate on my listening ears,
The murmurs that confess'd her kind;
Still in mine eyes, the trembling tears,
Wak'd by her tenderness, I find.

The sighs that from her bosom stole,
Even now my ravish'd senses fire;
My pulses throb, and all my soul
Aches with regret and fond desire—

Hear, spirit kind! thy suppliant hear, Again my longing eyes I close; Oh! prompt again the vision dear, And let me ever thus repose.

Ah! know, that to thy shadowy aid,
Thy mimic power, my breast must owe
The only joy the cruel maid
Will ever on my love bestow.

STANZAS,

Written in December 1791.

HAS Freedom's flame thy breast illumed?

Has reason there her rights assumed?

Warm will thy bosom feel, and glow

For human bliss, for human woe.

Ages roll, and see unblest

A nation stretch'd in iron rest!

A Hero calls—wide ope her eyes—
Falls he?—in death again she lies!

Saw'st thou, on you northern plains, The slave exulting burst his chains, While Freedom wav'd her banners high, And twin'd the wreath of Victory? Proudly swell'd thy generous heart?
Warm to thine eyes did rapture start?
The banner sinks—the wreath is torn—With me for Kosciusko mourn.

ODE TO MIRTH.

THOU, with hurried step advancing, Restless round thine eye quick glancing, On thy cheek the rose fresh glowing, To the breeze thy zone loose flowing, Mirth! oh stay thee, and awhile Let me bask beneath thy smile—Dearest goddess! for my soul Willing owns thy lov'd control; Ever let me bend to thee, Ever be thy votary.—

Earth and air, the sea, the skies,
Each to man a bliss supplies.
Countless beings in light measure
Round him dance and whisper pleasure,
Still to joy desires inviting,
Answering senses still delighting.

Where their gloom could sages borrow,
Man who call the child of sorrow?
For sure the Mirth but airy phantoms bring,
The pleasure in our way no roses fling;
The scorn'd by all the powers that I adore—
Still mighty Love! hast thou no joys in store!
Thy soft delusions, and delicious fears,
Fond hopes, and keen delights, and burning tears;
Oh! tell them all, or bid these grey-beards wise
Cast but one glance on fair Eliza's eyes.

Mine too be each softened Pleasure,

Thou, Thalia, canst impart;
Laughter, happy beyond measure,
Gaiety that mends the heart!
These are thine, and Satire keen,
Wit, that jeers eccentric Folly,
And Tenderness, that clothes the scene,
In transient, pleasing melancholy—
—Or see where Fancy now in trance profound,
On some loved scene her pencil silent plies;
Nor hears the busy world that murmurs round,
Or smiles to hear, and listens to despise;
And starting now, with look impatient calls,
And bids her beaming car the lightnings bear,
Far, far beyond the realms where sunbeam falls,
Or comets on the darkness pour their glare;

And there her mysteries to her favourites shews, Sketching bright visions on the deepen'd gloom; Or weaves dark dreams, while as the texture grows, Surprise broods raptured o'er the awful loom.

And me too, if on me she deign to smile,

Let musing science shew her inmost bowers,

And all her lore unfold—unheard the while

On gliding wing shall move the silent hours.

Ah! blest the man, for whom with patient care,

She culls unfading flowers of calm delight,

And leads him wondering o'er the earth and air,

The boundless ocean, and the realms of light—

High raised from vulgar eyes to happier spheres,

He breathes an air more balmy and serene:

The while, at distance, echoed faint he hears

The murmuring waves of life's tumultuous scene.

Nor to me a cheerless beam
Would the circling sun display,
If the Arts one sacred gleam,
In my favoured breast survey.
Thought, incessant and refin'd,
Toil, that no fatigue should know,
On the busy hand and mind,
Unveiling nature would bestow.

And pausing still, from labours blest,
What time the lengthen'd shadows fall;
How often with surrender'd breast,
Thee, music! would I love to call.
Thee would I call, for thou would'st bring
Those gentle pleasures in thy train,
That hovering oft on downy wing,
Enamoured listen to thy strain.

Those forms too, would thy steps attend,
Those musing forms that round thee throng,
And shadowy sit, and listening bend,
Oft as they catch thy pensive song;
And languid, I by turns would hear,
Their whispers soft, thy plaintive shell,
And bid, entranc'd in visions dear,
The dim, receding world farewell—

Yet not farewell—for who would lose,
Oh Memory! soft soothing power,
Thy pictures dress'd in tenderest hues,
Thy lonely walk, thy silent hour;
Dear relics, left by worth and love,
And honour, in my heart I bear,
Oft let me turn, and look, and prove,
That safe remain my treasures there—

In summer heats—at midnight's hour,
When waked from rest by Cynthia's beam,
I mark how soft her glances pour
On hoary hill or silvery stream:
My soul all yielding, I diffuse
The still and sleeping landscape o'er;
Then Memory oft with thee I muse,
On days that must return no more.

When winter chills the darkened air,
And embers faint the hearth illume,
Lonely I watch their mimic glare,
People with forms the twilight gloom;
As Fancy points, my course I chuse;
Calm realms of thought I wander o'er;
Then memory! oft with thee I muse,
On days that must return no more.

When fast the lowering evenings close,
And parting autumn's stormy train,
Wake sullen winter from repose,
And bend the woods, and sweep the main;
Thee, Memory, then I turn to woo,
I sigh expiring nature o'er,
And pensively with thee I view
Lov'd hours, that must return no more—

Sweet is the call of whispering spring—
I hear, and range the lawns and groves,
And mark how life unfolds his wing,
And o'er earth, air, and ocean roves;
"And thus," I cry, "Did Hope diffuse
"Once her soft light my bosom o'er,"
Then Memory, sad, with thee I muse,
On joys that must return no more.—

True—to me has bounteous Heaven,
Now a kinder fate bestowed,
And with lavish hand has given
Bliss to me it never owed.

Still tho' bright the day be shining, Clouds that in the morn were seen, Not, as yet, the sky resigning, Oft floating pass the blue serene.

He too, who in boundless measure,
Blessings may from Fortune gain,
Oft must pause and turn from pleasure,
Feeling for another's pain:

The heart to cheer, Affection warm extends:
Her beauteous web around with fingers fine,
But Ah! when Fate or Chance the texture rends,
She finds with sighs, "she liv'd along the line."

The fondest look that e'er pourtrayed the mind, The richest bliss that sympathy e'er gave, Full dearly purchas'd, will the mourner find,

Who tends the bed of pain, or decks the grave.

From ills like these, from sorrows of her own, E'en virtue's self no kind repose can know; Too oft with contest faint and cheerless grown, She hopes not rest or happiness below;

Fixed on these realms, where no wild passion fires, Where no keen sorrow in the heart delays, No sickening want to solitude retires.

Nor pain on the shrunk frame resistless prevs-

But whither have my thoughts unbidden stray'd, Where fled the dreams that did my senses fold? Ah Mirth, while scarce my vows to thee were paid. Is the gleam o'er, and is my heart grown cold?

Enchantress fair! to gain one happy hour Like me, if e'er another suppliant bend, Unceasing let thy wand its influence pour, For if thy votary think-thy visions end.

ODE TO REASON.

Written in 1794.

REASON! stern Power! while thus I dare
To breathe thy name along my lyre,
The unmoving strings no answering sounds prepare,
And the Muse trembling would retire—
Yet tho' thine awful form I view,
And feel it to my soul diffuse
Its influence cold, thine homage due
To thee my venturous hand shall pay,
And careless of the Muse,
Force from the sluggish strings th' involuntary lay.

But who thine homage shall deny?

Shall Man, weak insect of the sunny hour,

Being of groveling soul and nerveless frame,

Of selfishness the slave, or Fancy's power,

Shall man, thy lore sublime presume to blame!

O Reason! from thy judging eye

Abash'd I shrink; yet sure my heart must owe
To thee its bliss below;
Rear'd by thy patient care, alone, can grow
Those flowers of temperate joy,
Whose blooms can charm unchang'd, nor storm, nor
winter know.

O bear me to the realms that own thy sway!

No burning fiends are there
Of passion or despair—
No shapes fantastic, bred in Fashion's ray.
Nor there can dwell with thee
The forms of wilder'd sympathy—
Nor sanguine Hope, whose vest in rainbow dyes
Still glitters gay, who mocks thy whisper'd fears,
Pours on some distant good her eager eyes,
Steps on destruction's gulf, and shrieking disappears—

Nor there with languid mien,
Is feverish Pleasure seen,
Nor, Vanity with Scorn unmark'd behind,
Nor Superstition with her shuddering train,
Nor Fancy's ills, that agonize the mind
Keen as the real ministers of Pain—

Nor Sloth, that drest in Wisdom's garb deludes,
Nor hot Ambition, nor exhausted Care,
Nor Vice, too late that o'er transgression broods,
Wakes from his trance profound, yet wakes but to despair.

But Virtue there still listens to thy lore, And learns from thee the future to presage, Lest still her useless toils she should deplore, Her generous errors, her misguided rage.-Calm'd by thy voice and by thy lessons wise, Yet still with heart that melts, and soften'd eyes, Patient she bends the forms of Misery o'er, And gives the bliss she only wish'd before-And taught by thee, with chasten'd zeal, For others faults she learns to feel. The motive dim with care survey, Scan Judgment's errors-Passion's sway : O'er Frailty's fall the triumph to forbear, And sheltering shades for Penitence prepare; From thee too learns, serene, O'er life's tumultuous scene. Patient to look, nor yet the future dread; Nor yet expect, with youthful mind, Its perfect bliss on earth to find, But modestly to tread The primrose path of Hope, and wait for Heaven resign'd. And oft to catch thy look that comfort bears,

To hear thee gently counsel, not reprove,

With step reluctant, to thy realms repairs,

The melancholy form of hopeless love—

That now attentive to thy accents kind

Calm, patient, mourns; now musing fond appears

In visions dear, and now with moody mind,

Far from thy soft voice flies to anguish and to tears.

To thee of every land and isle, The Genius bends within thy sacred bowers, And wooes thee on his nation lov'd, to smile, And wake its slumbering powers; To bid some Odin to his ruder train Lead the young art, the social band entwine; Some Alfred rise, and burning with disdain, Breathe thro' the kindling mass, and pour the soul divine; Some great Columbus, in thy fostering smile Secure and blest, an erring world despise; Some Newton soar, and patient of thy toil, Wave thy bright banner in the viewless skies; 'Till order blest securely reign, 'Till labour cheerful toil, nor feel disdain, Nor mourn its energies confin'd; 'Till commerce speed with every sail unfurled, And o'er the cold dark desert of the world, Full wave in golden pride the harvest of the mind.

Ah dreams of bliss! why, Reason, am I doom'd,
Thy tardy smile, thy imperfect sway to moan?

Lo! how the Bramin, with faint light illum'd,
Boasts but the wisdom of an age unknown.

Still dead to thought the northern savage roves;
Wide spreads Siberia her uncultured plains,
And Afric's son beneath his palmy groves,

Feels not the night, that o'er his bosom reigns—

Ye Indians meek beyond the southern wave,*
Whom not your worlds of gold could save
From fiends, that clad in terrors new,
Wide o'er your realms resistless flew,
Say what your bright reward, your tardy gains,
For murder'd heroes, and for ravag'd plains?
—Contempt, and ignorance, and chains.
The Moor, the Arab, science have resign'd,
No heavenly rays the Egyptian's breast illume,
Look down ye deathless sages of mankind,
See your lov'd Athens, hear the indignant sighs of Rome?

But where nor Tyranny's control, Nor Superstition chills the soul, Ah Reason! say,

^{*} South America.

Boast'st thou no realms that own thy sway?

—Oh whither shall I turn, and where survey
The blissful land, where raptur'd I may view
Thy power rever'd with homage due?

Wide as I gaze around,
An hapless world is found,

In varying horrors wrapt, by varying madness fir'd, And far to Darkness deep thy radiant form retir'd.

Here Freedom wild

Bursts thro' thy laws with blood defil'd;
The patriot hero there expires in vain;
There glare upon my view th' unburied slain,
Whose whitening bones have strew'd th' ensanguin'd plai
While near in ruin'd heaps the hamlet lies,
That burning heard the cries
Of innocence and bliss, that smile no more
The peaceful cottage round, the ripen'd harvest o'er
And desolation cold alone is found

Or if on lands more blest,
The Muse by human woes opprest,
Should fix her sorrowing eye—
—For ever let her sigh,

To plant her wild weeds there and spread her silence roun

Fond, o'er the patriot sage, that vainly brav'd The storm of Folly's rage, and would a world have saved. Oh Reason! pour oblivion wide.
Oh hide, for ever hide
Those hours of woe severe,
Disgrace and carnage near;
Those hours of peril strange, when unknown fear,
Still as to gaze around she turns,
Bids the Muse start, and tremble as she mourns—

The records of our age!

Lest every future sage, and chief of daring mind,

To chill despair resign'd,

Nor longer weave the great design,

Oh sweep from Memory's page,

Nor toil with energy divine,

But man for bliss unfit, nor for thy sway design'd,
Impatient deem, and scorn his helpless kind.

And lone, in distant years,
Some future Muse with tears,
Sad mourn like mine, if still the Muse may sing,
In melancholy lays,
The sorrows of her days;
How man on man could all remorseless spring,
For war loud raving, and for vengeance wild,
Far from his brow the wreath of Virtue fling;

Nor more, thy empire own, nor feel thy influence mild,

Than if, while yet the world was young, Fresh from his den a savage he had sprung, And joy'd but in the desert drear, The deed of blood—the shriek of fear—

Yet Reason, if one trembling prayer,
One human sigh thy favouring ear may gain;
Oh be again man's hapless race thy care;
Bliss, Order, Mercy, come but in thy train—
O'er this new chaos bid thy spirit move;
Disperse the deepen'd night of Ignorance blind—
Wake the dead heart to sympathy and love,
And pitying, turn not thus in horror from mankind.

THE SERAPH.

STANZAS.—The Angel Speaking.

- " WAKE! rise! thy sleep of Death is o'er,
- " Bold spread thy wing! exulting soar!-
- " -Think not, these darksome realms of Pain
- " The Form I summon can detain;-
- " With me to worlds of heavenly light,
- " Spring, Julia! thro' this mass of night!
 - "The darkness fades—now pleas'd survey
- "Yon bright'ning scenes of happier day !--
- " -The skies we gain-Thy senses o'er
- " Now comes a bliss unfelt before-
- " A Spirit that has near us past,
- " From wing unseen this influence cast.
- " Mark! Julia! harmless round thee plays,
- " Pour'd from the Sun, the vivid blaze!
- " How beauteous looks yon Cherub blest,
- " That near the Orb delights to rest,
- " And watches, how the issuing ray,
- " Still as it falls can life convey.

- " Again we mount—why Julia fear?—
- " Those fiery Orbs approach not here; --
- " -Their rapid flight-their crowded blaze
- " In vain thy glancing eye surveys!
- "Yet I thro' boundless realms of space,
- "Their numbers count, their journey trace.
 - "Rapt, would'st thou view th' eternal blaze
- " That feeds these suns with ceaseless rays?
- " -Trembling, thou turn'st from worlds of light!
- " -To lower realms we urge our flight,
- " These systems, that less fiercely glow-
- " Their beings would'st thou scan and know?
- " Say, would thy wondering ear be told
- " The mysteries you bright forms unfold?
- " Or learn, how power divine to peace
- " And Life could call the wilds of space?
- " Yet form the insect's wing that flies
- " Unseen, unfelt by mortal eyes-
 - " Still would'st thou sink to duller day?
- " Ah why yon shadowy ball survey-
- "Thou, Julia! now should'st weep no more—
- "Yon earthly Orb, why look'st thou o'er?
- " And mark'st not how that tearful scene
- "Chills, as I gaze, my alter'd mien-

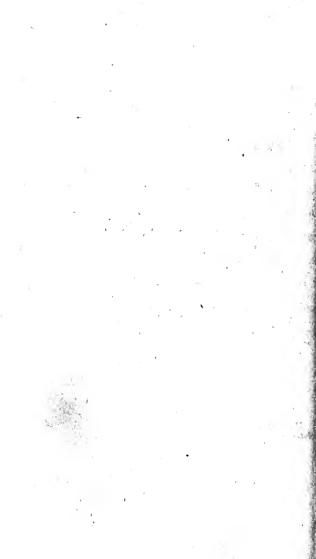
- " Why, Julia! sigh'st thou still to view
- " The hapless realms thou bad'st adieu-
- " -Can there or rest or pleasure find
- "Thy finer frame—thy purer mind?
- "The flower, the child of genial skies,
- " Mid ruder plants but droops and dies-
 - " Oft Horror, that forgets to breathe,
- " With stifled sense, you world beneath
- " All ghastly treads; Oppression there,
- " Mocks the faint heart, and pleading tear;
- " And there, with eyes that ne'er can close,
- " Groans Jealousy, for lost repose.
 - " Oft raging o'er those darksome plains,
- Fierce Madness shakes his sounding chains.
- "There, on his prey, triumphant flies
- " With quivering lip and starting eyes
- " Revenge-and oft, when hovering near,
- " Despair's last sighs I trembling hear.
 - " There pines Regret-there faint complain
- " Disease, and cheerless Want, and Pain-
- " Ambition there, a giant form,
- " But rests more loud to rouse the storm
- " Of woe, and leagu'd with Ignorance blind,
- " And Carnage, bursts upon mankind-

- " Look where yon Patriot Hero braves
- "The brawling storm—the giddy waves!
- " His vessel fails-he sinks-he dies-
- " -Hark! from yon throng glad shouts arise;
- " -Now see! with tears they deck his urn-
- " And would'st thou to you earth retnrn?
 - " Lo! wand'ring on the darksome stage,
- " By Penury chill'd—the studious sage!
- " See Wisdom from his glance recede!
- " Disease, and Doubt his step impede,
- " See Folly's train his labours spurn!
- " -And would'st thou to that earth return?
- " That softer Form, where beauty blooms,
- " Which Virtue warms, which Grace illumes,
- " Severer pangs is doom'd to prove,
- " With useless tenderness to love;
- " -And would'st thou thus, my Julia! burn?
- " -And would'st thou to you earth return?
 - "Yet think not Wisdom, Virtue, Love,
- " Can mourn on earth unmark'd above;
- " The Cherub that thou saw'st reclin'd
- " The Sun beside, with Patriot mind
- " Once vainly toil'd-his toils are o'er,
- " His earthly warfare is no more.

- " The Spirit, as from earth we flew,
- " That blissful influence o'er thee threw,
- " Now, can no human sorrow know,
- "Yet felt for thee one kindred glow:
- " For imag'd fair, in thee, was seen
- " What once on earth, herself had been.
- " And I, in doubt no more to mourn,
- " At Wisdom's fount a Seraph burn;
- " Less dimly view th' eternal cause,
- " Scan Fate's decrees, and Nature's laws-
- " O'er future worlds, and Beings gaze,
- " And wonder into bliss and praise.
 - "Thou too, to glory raise thine eyes,
- " Speed Seraph! o'er yon opening skies!
- " For Thee this airy harp I bring,
- " With swiftness thus inspire thy wing,
- " And thus thy mortal ear unclose,
- " -Now, Harmony can there repose-
- " With angel sense I clothe thy frame,
- " O'er thee I breathe the living flame-
- "Thy book is clos'd, thy prize is won-
- " -Thy trial past-thy bliss begun-
- " And kindling from that bliss I view
- " Thy changing Form-rise, rise-adieu!"

ENGLISH LYRICS.

PART II.



WILLIAM WALLACE CURRIE,

ELDEST SON OF THE LATE

DR. JAMES CURRIE, OF LIVERPOOL.

ALLOW me to dedicate these Poems to you, as the Representative of your late inestimable Father—An affectionate Son will be eager to receive any testimony to his various and exalted merits, and it is soothing to me to offer this tribute, however imperfect, to the Memory of one, whom I can never think of, but to regret, or name, but to honour.

W. SMYTH.

Macclesfield, October 8th, 1805. ing property of the first of the specification of t

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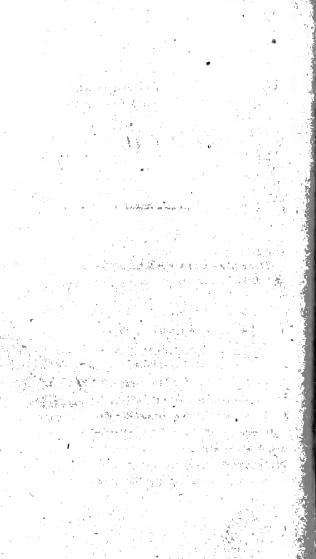
OH ever lost! the Friend, the matchless mind, By science strengthen'd, and by truth inspired, By virtue warm'd, by elegance refined, By feeling soften'd, and by genius fired.

Too early lost while every bliss was thine, Look, spirit blest! oh couldst thou bend to see How fond, while life and memory yet are mine, How fond my heart shall turn to think on thee.

Fix'd is the law that bids th' alternate train
Of changing man, now flourish—now decay;
Fleet as the waves that o'er the watery plain,
But raise their forms to break and pass away.

In vain may art the couch of sickness tend, Or friendship sigh, or sympathy implore, Or love, all sanguine, o'er the sufferer bend; The mortal sinks, and every hope is o'er.

These brooding thoughts in useless pangs expire,
More soothing sounds let struggling nature hear;
Catch from religion's shrine an holier fire,
And wake to duty from her trance severe.



PART II.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

THE hunter on the mountain's brow,
The rosy youth from study free,
Ne'er breath'd, O Cheerfulness! a vow
More fond, than I have breathed to thee.
Yet sometimes, if in lonely hour
I leave thy loved, enchanting bower,
By glooms of wayward fancy driven;
And from thee turn my languid eyes,
Nor longer deem thy pleasures wise,
Oh! be my suffering heart forgiven.

Not always can the varying mind
Bear to thy shrine an homage true;
Some chains mysterious seem to bind,
Some sullen sorcery to subdue:
Nor always can the scene be gay,
Nor blest the morrow as to-day,
And musing thoughts will sadness bring;
Can time so near me hourly fly,
Nor I his passing form descry,
Nor ever hear his rustling wing?

E'en now I feel with vain regret,
How soon these happy days must end;
Already seems my sun to set,
I mark the shades of eve descend;
The visto catch, where Sorrow grey
And weary Pain are on their way;
Beyond, with startled glance I see
The billows dark, the fated shore,
The forms that sink and rise no more,
The ocean of eternity.

TO PITY.

O Pity! all my sighs are thine,
My follies pause, my bosom warms,
My musing griefs to bliss refine,
Whene'er I mark thy sorrowing forms;
The love-lorn maid that long believed.
Now sinking wan, now undeceived,
—Or him, 'mid fortune's gathering gloom,
Condemned the smile of bliss to wear,
While baffled hope, and rankling care,
His generous heart consume.

The exile grey, when start to view
The tears, that speak the exiled soul;
The mother, as she bids adieu,
And turns, her anguish to control;
The hectic form, the beauteous maid,
That just as life its charm display'd,

To death devoted, glides away, With brilliant eye, that watery gleams, While still the rosy spectre dreams Of many a morrow gay.

O Pity! not with careless mien,
With folly's smile, unmoved and cold,
Not thus I view even fiction's scene,
And all the weeping muse has told;
But oft as passion's hapless tale,
Or storied griefs my heart assail,
By wasted lamp, at midnight hour,
Still can I melt with fancied woe,
Still with thy soft delirium glow,
And bless with tears thy power.

Yet should I turn to some lone shed,
Where living hunger's cries complain;
To ruder scenes—the mansions dread,
Of squalid want, disease, and pain,
O Pity! say, thou Being kind,
Could'st thou still rule my steady mind,
Still triumph, tho' disgust were near
Recoiling quick with hurrying mien,
While round to urge my flight were seen
The shapes of sickly fear.

Oh! if my heart should learn to sigh,
Yet with no active kindness glow;
If shrinking and refined I fly,
From each rude scene of real woe;
If fancy's beam the scene must warm,
And elegance diffuse her charm,
If such thy vain imperfect sway,
Oh Pity! I no more must dare
Thy dreams of pensive bliss to share,
But sterner powers obey.

OD E

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

MUSE, let me still thy spirit share; Oh! still thy scenes that melt in air, Thy shadowy forms, thy trance to me be given, And all thy visionary heaven.

Yet mute my lyre—for tho' thy carol rude
The crowd may hear; not their's the heart endued
With nicer sense, with each fine chord that rings,
When the full rapture swells, and pours along the strings.

Vain the pictures of the lyre,

The visions vain, that round the poet roll; Far o'er the busy throng the sounds expire;

-The poet only reads the poet's soul.

Muse! when thou seest the sacred madness rise, Oh waste not thou my heart's fond sacrifice:

But let me inly feel,

Deep drink thy raptures—not reveal

Then o'er me come thy fervid hour,

Then round me move thy breathing pow'r.

Then bear me through each distant age, In silence bear—Pelides' rage, Orpheus, Alcides—heroes, bards divine, Their dim discover'd world be mine.

—Or let me o'er far distant India gaze,
Where gleams the grandeur of departed days;
Or Rome and elder Greece—the Sabine farms,
And Marathon, and high resounding arts and arms.

Or let me view the giant brood,

The forest still, and list the Runic rhymes;
Or 'midst the darken'd age and tempest rude,
Enchanting bard! thy "tales of other times."

Or haste to eastern realms and cities famed, Where gems and gold and mighty genii flamed;

> Or knights and barons bold High dames and tournaments behold; Or hear the bell for convent prayer Startle the midnight desert air.

Or listen to the mourning sound
Of mortals, o'er the hallowed ground,
Amid dim aisles and shrines, in sacred vest,
Hymning the parted soul to rest.
Or inly brood on all the dread untold!
What 'tis to lie in death, a crumbling mould,

Closed, silent, dark—and what the being feels, O'er whom the mourner weeps, and the slow anthem peals,

And what the woes that wait

For dire offence on earth—the dreaded doom;
And what the last sad hour of closing fate;

—Oh! breaks no morning o'er th' eternal gloom! When suns and stars decay—to mortals shewn, When blazing heavens unroll the living throne;

Oh then must human sighs?—

—Being of Beings! prostrate lies

My shuddering spirit—I adore,

And faint, and sink, and breathe no more.

ELEGY.

STILL dark with frowns return the sullen years,
Still move with rent and blood-stain'd robes away;
The giant Force his form terrific rears
To heaven, and bids th' astonish'd world obey.

Yet thou, my soul, tho' wreck'd around thee sink
All that can wake thy love, thy rev'rence claim,
Lose not thy last, best hope, nor stoop to think
Truth but a sound, and virtue but a name.

Few note the virtue that from view retires,
Few prize the worth, that every moment sees;
We mark the tempest's rage, the comet's fires,
Forget the shower, the sunshine, and the breeze.

While one pure bosom its own bliss foregoes,
While one firm mind the wound, it felt, forgives,
While one kind heart is touch'd with human woes,
All is not lost on earth, and virtue lives.

When shall the heart to virtue best disclose
Th' unaltered homage of its proud applause?
Then, when her votaries shrink, when leagued her foes,
When fails her promise, and forlorn her cause.

The eternal Being, that with parent care
Form'd and sustains the viewless insect's frame,
Taught He in vain the heart to melt in prayer,
In vain to glow with hope, to sink with shame?

Each motive dim is by his glance descried,

The sleepless moan, unheard on earth, he hears;
He marks each sacrifice to virtuous pride,
He counts affection's throbs, compassion's tears!

Revere, thou wedded fair, thyself, thy vow,

Tho' brutal wrongs thy faith, thy fondness wound;
The still, small voice within that whispers now,

Shall o'er thy dying pillow rapture sound.

Thou man of worth, whom want has bowed and worn,
But bowed not to the proud oppressor's will,
Bear on undaunted—thou for bliss art born,
Eternity is thine—be virtuous still.

Oh! when this alter'd world is lost in gloom,
When earth to prostrate man no hope can yield,
Beam on the soul, thou world beyond the tomb,
By reason promised, and by God reveal'd.

BENEVOLENCE.

TRUE, Laura, true! I own with pain,
That goodness oft must toil in vain,
Thy beauteous charge, the orphan maid,
But ill thy generous care repaid;
How could the hapless truant flee
From peace, and innocence, and thee:
Oft as we stray, this cottage nigh,
I feel how just thy passing sigh.

See too, beneath yon oak reclined,
The clown to selfish sloth resigned,
The sottish churl, who wastes the day,
Far from his helpless home away;
In vain thy gentle wisdom tried
To touch his heart or wake his pride;
And hateful now thy care appears,
Nor duty he, nor nature, hears.

Yet Laura, pause—thy pain I share, But not thy languors and despair; Oh! let my tongue, which cannot chide, Hint, (while it trusts thy fondness tried) That minds of hope and hurrying zeal, When fails their wish, too keenly feel, Nor bear defeat, nor brook delay, And turn from virtue's toil away.

Thou canst not from this scene below, Chase every vice and every woe; Thou canst not wave a fairy wand, Nor nature change, nor fate command; Oh! faster will the weed appear, Than art of thine the flower can rear, Yet flowers by thee may learn to blow, And weeds less rank, less widely grow.

Look round, my love, this hamlet see,
Its virtues all are reared by thee;
From thee its follies would retreat,
Its vices fear thy glance to meet;
To thee the young for learning bend,
The poor have marked thee for their friend;
And every grief to thee appeals,
Which pity soothes or bounty heals.

See, as we pass, each peasant's eye Gives thee a praise no gold can buy; Yon rosy child at distance view, Preparing all in order due, With courtsey grave to stop thy way, And it shall look so proudly gay, Soon as thy soft salute it hears, Soon as thy smile its homage cheers.

—The tenderness, thy heart that warms, Must win its last, its finished charms, From thoughts subdued, that inly soar, And pious wisdom's stedfast lore. Bless in thy bounded powers serene, Thy narrow sphere, this village scene; Thine be the toil prescribed by heaven, Whate'er the joy, the harvest given.

Oft shall thy heart successful glow
With bliss, the virtuous only know;
And when 'tis doomed in vain to feel,
For woes, thou want'st the power to heal,
The world unknown, the happier seat,
Where then thy drooping thoughts retreat,
—That world shall prove, that not in vain,
Was felt thy heart's sublimer pain.

REFLECTION.

THE ball of last night, say, my Emily, say,
Did it please us, my love, tho' so brilliant and gay?—
'Twas not the bright region, which once it had been,
When we flutter'd around it, to see and be seen.
In thy looks, (I could read them) were painfully shewn,
The thoughts of thy bosom—the thoughts of my own.

And still on those looks, tho' the morning is here,
Soft tinges of lingering sadness appear;
For the tale of thy heart is too heavy with truth,
—Gone, gone, are the hours of enchantment and youth;
They smiled as they pass'd—but so gaily they flew,
That we heard them not bid us for ever adieu.

Yet say, do not others advancing appear?

Oh! turn and behold them, more kind, more sincere,
More gentle are these, and tho' modest their mien,
Tho' near them no frolics, no raptures are seen,
Content, the calm pleasures, the virtues are nigh,
And a form that instructs them and points to the sky.

A world have I known thy attractions admire, And thy spirits no toil, and no gaiety tire; Thy triumphs I shar'd—yet must youth pass away, And life, as it blossom'd, mature and decay, Regret for the past may the present destroy, But no art can their pleasures united enjoy.

When the fruits of the autumn thy senses invite,
No longer can spring with her promise delight,
When the hearth brightly blazes, the winter to cheer,
When the song, and the dance, and the viol we hear,
Ask not for the beams which the summer adorn,
The soft sighs of eve, or the smiles of the morn.

Look, Emily, look, thro' creation's wide range,
All is life and extinction, succession and change;
Advancing—retiring—our pleasures we see,
They are flecting, my love, and as fleeting are we;
The reasoner may sigh, and the beauty repine,
—'Tis the law of our being, enjoy and resign.

Yet come, ye cold glooms, and ye clouds gather round, My bosom a refuge, a shelter has found, Thee, Emily, thee; swiftly rolls on the year, But it finds thee more honour'd, and leaves thee more dear:

To thee my heart turns in all changes unmoved, And when dying shall bless thee—as living it loved.

THE POET.

THE towering thought, the living lyre,
The soul that wings the song with fire,
The listening world, the deathless name,
Are these, fond youth, thy daring claim?
Then take thy wreath—yet calm survey
The perils of the muse's sway;
And while for thee I twine the bays,
Oh! hear the warning voice I raise.

Ne'er shall the temperate virtues find A welcome in thy thoughtless mind;
Those virtues that maturely rise
To shield the good, and grace the wise:
Each feverish hope—each fretful woe,
Each passion wild, thy heart shall know;
Nor feel the self-controlling power,
That counsels for the distant hour.

Thy soaring spirit shall despise
Each humble bliss, that life supplies;
To thee the world shall withered seem,
When dragged from fancy's finer dream;
Yet must thy heart be doomed to share
The ills thy fellow mortals bear;
And vain thy sickly wish to fly
From tasteless cold reality.

Thou canst not tread, ('twere sorrow vain)
The tedious path of lowly gain;
Yet proudly shall thy jealous mind
Repel the aid of bounty kind;
Friendship in vain shall o'er thee bend,
Nor know to counsel or defend;
Even they, who love the muse's lyre,
Shall from thy helpless woes retire.

Wayward and lone, the nectar'd bowl Gives thee the trance of soft control, The pause from care, the rest from pain, Which hapless thought no more can gain:

—But on thy waking eyes shall glare Disease, and Anguish, and Despair, And Poverty with squalid mien And feeble cry, shall close the scene.

Who then shall for thy genius feel, Thy virtues rouse, thy spirit heal? Dulness shall see thy vessel torn, And safe on shore shall smile in scorn; The world, that loved to hear thy woe, Melodious in thy numbers flow, Shall careless from thy misery turn, Nor further seek thy griefs to learn.

In vain by thee this world unkind
Is charmed, instructed, and refined;
It leaves thee by thy worth alone
To build an happiness thine owa;
And sunk in ruins shall expire
The mind that winged the song with fire,
Tho' still the song may live to fame,
And guard the hapless Poet's name.

Why draining deep the poison'd bowl,
With flashing eye, and bursting soul,
Ah! why did Chatterton expire,
—He struck the muse's fatal lyre—
What heart but felt his powerful sway,
Who mourned o'er Auburn swept away!
But what the meed which genius gave?
A life enslaved—an early grave.

And he whose voice of Jaffier sung,
And he, whose harp the passions strung,
And dying Burns—our praise, our sighs,
In incense vain, too late arise!

—But thou, fond youth, go wiser thou,
To prudence bear thy timely vow;
The poet's fame, the lyre divine,
But not the poet's fate be thine.

ELEGY I.

TO WISDOM.

O Wisdom! not to thee the song of praise
I wake triumphant, or the votive strain;
My spirit sinks—my strength, my life decays—
To thee my heart would sorrow and complain.

Didst thou not win my childhood's giddy years, 'Till well the horn-book task, the sacred lay, The tale, I learn'd, by others conn'd with tears, And right could spell the column's long array.

'Till 'mid her rosy school the learned dame Call'd me in favour near her wheel to stand; Oft shared her sway, as earlier evenings came, And bade me lisping teach her lisping band. Didst thou not charm my step, with kindliest smile,
New worlds of growing labor to explore;
Teach me on cyphers cyphers high to pile,
Wake my young pride, and lure me to thy lore.

My boyish mind in trance enraptur'd hold
'Mid heroes—giants—all, that wond'rous seem'd,
The hermit sailor and the outlaw bold,
While eastern genii thro' my slumbers gleam'd.

And rude I deem'd, and all unfit to please,
Each thoughtless pastime of the youthful day;
To guide the skiff, and lean along the breeze,
The gleaning covey's whirring flight to stay;

With hound and horn to cheer the woodland's side,
And catch each bliss to bounding vigor known,
Or skim with mimic fly the mountain tide,
That silvery eddies round the hoary stone.

E'en 'mid my school-mates on the sunny plain,
Oft, when their earnest sports I seemed to share,
How have I learn'd with meditating pain,
The morrow's task in secret to prepare.

Did'st thou not touch with fire my graver mind,
And nature's mysteries promise to unfold;
And cheer me while I toil'd, to thee resign'd,
Thro' all the sage had taught, the scholar told?

Didst thou not whisper dreams of deathless fame,
Of matchless bliss bestow'd by thee alone;
Of grateful ages and the loud acclaim
Of friends, who in my triumphs felt their own?—

Oh! with what rapture, as thy guidance led
Thro' thy fresh landscapes, did my steps pursue;
Bright flowers and prospects fair before me spread,
And still I onward press'd, still ardent flew.

Why, Wisdom, dimmer grows thy angel form,
Less beauteous why thy flowers and landscapes all;
Less gay thy prospects, and thy skies less warm,
And why these chilling glooms that round me fall?

Where is thy bliss—thy fame—thy mysteries where?
—Thee while I follow, Time already, see,
Has touch'd with blighting hand my auburn hair,
And smiles contemptuous when I point to thee.

Oh carol as thou goest, thou village hind!
And whistle, as thou break'st the furrow'd plain;
Gay is thy heart, for vacant is thy mind,
Not thine the thoughts that labouring mourn in vain.

Ye, too, who sport in pleasure's rosy ray,
Who mock the student, and his griefs despise,
To me all maniac seem'd your frolics gay;
Yet blest your madness, and your folly wise.

Can learning's toil th' eternal cause reveal,
Say, why thus mix'd our virtues and our doom,
Teach, what the powers within that think and feel,
Or tell the shuddering secrets of the tomb?

These splendid wonders, and these mysteries high,
Are these for reasoning man too poor a theme?
Can helpless nature cast on these her eye,
And long not, sigh not, for a brighter beam?

Ye glittering stars, that while to heaven I raise
My thoughts, in wilder'd musings lost—destroy'd—
Ye glittering stars, that meet my lonely gaze,
In careless grandeur scatter'd o'er the void;

Ye Worlds on Worlds, that silent and serene, Seem nought of trouble or of pain to know; Oh dwells there aught within your distant scene, Aught that can think and feel, like man below?

Ye spirits, that secure from earthly woes,

Far thro' you azure realms in rapture speed;

Or soar where full the living glory flows,

And hymn at heav'ns high throne th' ecstatic meed;

By heaven's own influence blest, inform'd, inspir'd,
On human reasonings, darkened and forlorn,
On minds, like mine, by endless mazes tir'd,
Oh look ye down in pity or in scorn?

Eternal Being! thou that 'midst the blaze
Of seraph hosts—what sudden tremors chill?
Oh! lift not up, my soul, thy venturous gaze,
Down—sink into thyself—be mute—be still.

ELEGY II.

TO WISDOM.

BESIDE this russet heath, this forest drear,

That strews with yellow leaves the moisten'd plain;
Here, where the green path winds, ah Wisdom! here,

Did once my daring lyre to thee complain.

Soft was the midnight air that sooth'd my frame,
In thought severe had pass'd the studious day;
Cold paused the spirits, and th' ethereal flame
In dim and languid musings died away.

Calm, silent, all—I seemed with step forlorn
Singly to wander on a desert world;
I started when the bird first hail'd the morn,
That wide had now his reddening clouds unfurl'd.

Returning seasons since have pass'd away;

Oft has the spring with violets deck'd the vale,
The bee oft humm'd along the Summer day,
And the lake darken'd in the wintry gale.

In youth's bright morn how boldly on the mind,
Rise the wild forms of thought in colours new;
'Tis Time, and Time alone, whose skill refin'd
The picture slowly gives to nature true.

Thee, Wisdom, could I chide, thy gifts decry?

Turn from thy bliss by restless ardor fired?

—How like these idle leaves that withered lie,

Seem now the fancies that my soul inspired!

Who smile at fortune, and who conquer pain?
Whose is the world in fame's bright visions shewn?
Who wake th' unconscious mind, the barren plain,
And wield great nature's strength from reason's throne?

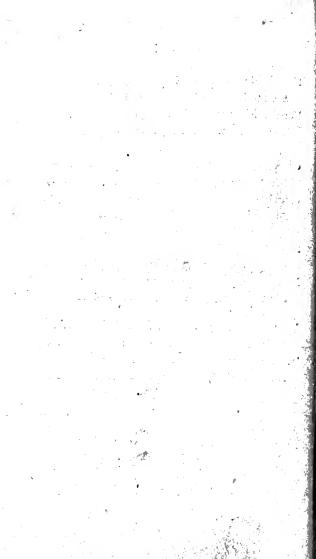
If thy blest votaries mourn, oh where shall end
Man's wayward sorrows, and his wishes blind;
If from thy sacred paths his steps he bend,
What rest, what refuge shall his wanderings find.

Not like the sage my daring mind I wing
Aloft to bear the ensigns of thy power;
Yet Wisdom come, and all thy pleasures bring
To bless the silence of my lonely hour.

Come, to my chasten'd mind thy realms reveal,
(The glimmering path, the thorny maze I leave)
Calm realms, where life a modest bliss may steal,
Nor reason toil in vain, nor hope deceive.

Scare thou the finer dreams that idly please;
Oh let not studious pride its strength abuse,
Nor lofty indolence in selfish ease,
In passive thought, the golden moments lose.

When roams the mind to worlds in darkness closed,
When sinks the humbled heart, and sighs to thee;
Tell thou of manly faith on God reposed,
And hope shall picture what thou can'st not see.



SONGS.

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SONG.

LAURA, thy sighs must now no more,
My faltering step detain,
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus, in vain;
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah! think—tho' doomed from thee to fly,
My heart speaks no adieu.

Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone—
These would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own—
One last, long kiss—and then we part—
Another—and adieu—
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

SONG.

OH! Henry, sure, by every art
I school my mind to bear its trial;
But moments come, when tears will start,
And grief no longer brook denial;
Not always can my heart atchieve
Thy parting task, to fly from sorrow—
By reason's aid to cease to grieve,
And trust the hope that gilds the morrow.

I trust it now—my heart is gay,
I feel the aid of calmer reason;
Oh come it will the lingering day,
When love and bliss shall have their season;
The perils that my soldier try
Shall but the more his worth discover,
And fame shall sound his praise on high,
My hero brave—my life—my lover.

My Henry shall with peace return,
And war no more our hearts shall sever;
And bright this happy hearth shall burn,
And smiles and joy be ours for ever;
Oh! then how blest!—no more to part,
To share his bliss—his love—his glory—
Live the proud partner of his heart,
And tell our boys their father's story.

SONG.

THE bard, whom the charms of Maria inspire, Who steals from his subject applause for his lyre, May tenderly sigh, when some summers are o'er, And he finds, as he thinks, that her charms are no more; The beauties he prais'd, he no longer may see, But Maria shall still be Maria to me.

Her cheek the warm rose may no longer display, But can time with the rose steal the dimple away? Her eyes with a lustre less brilliant may beam, But there shall affection more tenderly gleam, And softer, and dearer their promise shall be, That Maria shall still be Maria to me.

The first in the dance she no longer may shine,
And the joys of the dance shall then cease to be mine;
The crowd she no longer with rapture may fire,
And I from the crowd can contented retire;
Fast, fast, may the leaves drop from pleasure's gay tree,
But Maria shall still be Maria to me.

The bank by the streamlet may moulder away,
The rock stands uninjured and knows no decay;
Time her form may despoil, but must leave me behind,
Her manners, her virtues, her heart, and her mind;
Roll on then ye summers, no change shall I see,
But Maria shall still be Maria to me.

SONG.

A Soldier am I, the world over I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange;
How welcome a Soldier wherever he roves,
Attended like Venus, by Mars, and the Loves;
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast, or a frolic, if we are not there:
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the Drum.

"The Soldiers are coming," the villagers cry,
All trades are suspended to see us pass by;
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up stairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her broom and her cares;
Outstretched is her neck, till the Soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light in the breeze,
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,
And redder her cheek at the sound of the Drum.

The veteran half dozing awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews;
Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstacy hears
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers;
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the Drum.

Who loves not a Soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save;
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone;
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the Drum.

SONG.

OH! what is the gain of restless care,
And what is ambition's treasure,
And what are the joys which the modish share,
In their haunts of sickly pleasure.
The shade, with its silence, oh! is it not sweet,
And to lie in the sun by the fountain,
And the wild-flower's scent at eve to meet,
And to rove o'er the heath and the mountain.

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,
The violet marked, as 'tis springing,
The zephyr heard, as at eve it sighs,
The Blackbird loved for its singing?
Oh! there can alone the heart be gay,
The thought be free from sorrow,
And soft the night, and short the day,
And welcome again the morrow.

SONG.

AGAIN to thy responsive wire,
Again, my darling harp, I fly;
For hopes, and fears, and cares retire,
And every grief, when thou art nigh;
Oh! to my longing spirit give,
The sounds which still my bliss renew,
For I, my harp, with thee could live,
And bid for thee the world adieu.

Yet should the youth, whose favour'd name
To thee I breathe, to thee alone,
Should he approach—Oh! let me claim,
Thy gentlest strain, thy tenderest tone;
Try each sweet note, each dying fall,
Till pleased he hang thy whispers o'er;
Then say, I never wished to call
Such softened sounds from thee before.

SONG.

THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
By thinking of the morrow;
To day be mine—I leave the rest
To all the fools of sorrow;
Give me the mind that mocks at care,
The heart, its own defender;
The spirits that are light as air,
And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms— We meet—'tis death or glory;
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or fame in Britain's story;
Dear native land—thy fortunes frown,
And ruffians would enslave thee;
Thou land of honor and renown,
Who would not die to save thee? 'Tis you—'tis I—that meet the ball;
And me it better pleases
In battle with the brave to fall,
Than die of cold diseases;
Than drivel on in elbow chair,
With saws and tales unheeded,
A tottering thing of aches and cares,
Nor longer loved, nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
Thine eye with fire is streaming;
And o'er thy cheek—thy looks—thine air
Health sits in triumph beaming;
Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high the wine to beauty,
Love, friendship, honor, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

and Angel Committee Commit

an Maria da Arabi (1965) Baran da Arabi (1965)

THE BEE.

THOU cheerful bee! come, freely come,
And travel round my woodbine bower;
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour;
Oh! try no more yon tedious fields,
Come taste the sweets my garden yields;
The treasure of each blooming mine,
The bud, the blossom—all are thine.

And careless of this noon-tide heat,
I'll follow as thy ramble guides;
To watch thee pause, and chafe thy feet,
And sweep them o'er thy downy sides:
Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
And all thy busiest ardour ply;
Then o'er the stem, tho' fair it grow,
With touch rejecting, glance and go.

O nature kind! O labourer wise!
That roam'st along the summer ray,
Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
And meet'st prepar'd thy wintry day.
Go, envied go—with crowded gates,
The hive thy rich return awaits,
Bear home thy store, in triumph gay,
And shame each idler on thy way.

INSCRIPTION.

FAREWELL, farewell, thou noisy town,
Thou scene of restless glare;
Thine hours no real pleasures crown,
No peace—no love is there;
How dull thy splendid evenings close!
How sad thy joys to me!
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,
And all thy misery.

But welcome to my longing eyes
Dear objects, ever new,
My rural cot, yon varying skies,
Streams, woods, and mountains blue!
With these my humble spirit finds
Health, liberty, and rest;
The silent joys of simple minds,
And leisure to be blest.

ELEGY.

STILL with our fate would helpless sorrow strive.

Denied the object loved from death to save,

We bid the sigh to distant times survive,

By fond memorials o'er the honoured grave.

The turf we fashion and the briar entwine;
Frail, like ourselves, the record vain decays;
We raise the stone, soon destined to resign
The moss-grown traces of our fleeting praise.

And e'en tho' art and wealth their succour lend,
The changing world new scenes of thought supplies;
The marble forms in grief unheeded bend,
And the cold grandeur in oblivion lies.

Yet still, thou mourner o'er the death-bed stand,
Still honor as thou can'st the breathless clay;
Still bring thy flowers and strew with pious hand,
And weep behind the bier in slow array.

And raise the stone, inscribe the record kind,
And all thy heart's vain tenderness reveal,
And guard the dust in awful hope resign'd,
And bow to heaven, that form'd thee thus to feel.

'Tis thine own image that departing sighs,
'Tis thine own fate that glooms upon the bier,
'Tis thine own nature that for pity cries,
And bids thee in the grave thyself revere.

THE DREAM.

SCENES of my youth! thou nameless power,

That weav'st these visions of the night;

Oh! that my wish could on thee shower,

Whate'er might bless thee, or delight.

Thou, that couldst bid each pleasure fled,

Each hope, each joy, like roses shed,

Blooming and gay again appear;

My pulses throb—my temples burn,

And did ye—did ye then return,

Scenes of my youth, so lost, so dear?

Again I join'd the sprightly dance, And in its mazes circling nigh Seemed once again to catch the glance, The stolen glance of Julia's eye. Then, airy, gallant, happy, young,
The frolic urged, the carol sung,
Led up the ranks of noisy glee,
Passed glittering on from throng to throng,
Laugh'd, bounded, as I moved along,
And waked from very ecstacy.

But thou, that shew'st my sense deceiv'd,

That night's gay visions are untrue;

And tell'st me all my youth believ'd,

Alas! was but a vision.too.

Thou! reason, thou, from dreams more grave,

From soberer faults and follies save;

Oh! timely teach me well to use

The fleeting hours, which yet remain

For calmer bliss, for hope less vain,

—The hours which even now I lose.

SYMPATHY.

WHY, Julia, say, that pensive mien?

I heard thy bosom sighing;

How quickly on thy cheek is seen

The blush, as quickly flying!

Why mark I, in thy soften'd eye,

Once with light spirit beaming,

A silent tear—I know not why,

In tremulous lustre gleaming.

Come, tell me all thy bosom's pain—
—Perhaps some faithless lover;
Nay, droop not thus, the rose with rain
May sink, yet still recover.
—Oh Julia! I my words recal,
My thoughts too rudely guide me;
I see afresh thy sorrows fall,
They seem to plead, and chide me.

I too the secret wound have known,
That makes existence languish;
Links to the soul one thought alone,
And that, a thought of anguish;
Forgive, forgive an aching heart,
That vainly hoped to cheer thee—
These tears may tell thee, while they start,
How all thy griefs endear thee.

THE LATE SUMMER.

UNWILLING and with colder ray
The summer comes—her timid form
Distrusts the still uncertain day,
Nor feels as yet the landscape warm.
No zephyr with his passing wing,
No laughing sounds of rosy spring
Have waked her, from her long repose;
But Time has roused with ruder hand,
And called her with that stern command
Which no denial knows.

Yet brightens in the passing gleam,
Yet freshens in the sudden shower,
The leaf, the bloom; the strengthening beam
Draws odours from the woodbine bower;
And darkling thro' the path retir'd,
With shade and silence comes inspir'd

The Poet, lonely and refin'd;
Bids on his cheek the soft airs blow,
And feels th' entranced, th' Elysian glow
That melts the musing mind.

And now for boundless power he sighs,
Arcadian ages to recal,
Now high his griefs indignant rise,
O'er honour's wrongs, and freedom's fall;
Then happier scenes his fancy forms,
How from the world's surrounding storms
His sheltered muse may yet retire;
And how the boy that climbs his knee,
May boast his name, and live to see,
The triumphs of his lyre.

Fond Bard! thou mark'st th' expected hours,
Of hapless May no blossoms bring;
And think'st thou, nought but fields and flowers
Can droop beneath a wint'ry spring?
Oh! droop not thus the Poet's lays,
When cold and late the breath of praise?
—Yet why thy dreams of bliss resign,
Enjoy thy visionary fame—
Oh! that each wish to build a name
Were innocent as thine

FOLLY.

AWAY, ye grave—I, war declare,
For I the praise of Folly sing;
She gives my looks their careless air,
She gives my thoughts eternal wing;
She gives me bliss—can you do more?
Oh! never gave ye such a treasure,
Be wisdom yours—I'll not deplore,
Be folly mine—and all her pleasure.

Ah! what were life, of Folly reft?

A world, which no kind sun could warm,

A child, to step-dame reason left;

No sweet to please—no toy to charm;

Where, mirth, were then thy frolic gleams;

Where, wit, thy whims and gay effusions,

And where, O hope! thy golden dreams,

Enchanting smiles, and dear delusions.

How, think you, would poor friendship fare,
Did Folly never friendship blind,
And had not love found Folly there,
How soon had love the world resign'd';
And is it not at honey moon,
That Hymen laughs at melancholy?
And would he mournful look so soon,
If still he kept on terms with Folly.

What soldier would consent to fight,
What tar be to the bottom hurl'd,
What poet sing—what scholar write,
Were folly banished from the world?
Tell me, whom most this goddees rules,
Is it the patients or physicians,
Whom shall we call the greatest fools,
The people or the politicians?

What charms in opera, ball, or play,
Did Folly not the scene attend,
How poor the rich, how sad the gay,
Were Folly not their truest friend;
How ever should we hope to find,
Pleased with itself each happy creature,
If all were wise, and none were blind,
And Folly never succour'd nature.

For once be wise, ye grave ones hear,
Why need I more my theme pursue,
If all alike such fools appear,
Let me with smiles be pardon'd too;
Wisdom you love—and so do I—
Am no derider—no despiser,
But I of fools, the grave ones fly,
And think the merry fools the wiser.

LAURA.

FAIR Laura's heart new tremors seize,
For colder hopes from Pisa came;
Tho' bright the sky, and soft the breeze,
Still drooped her brother's faded frame.

And starting to her beauteous eyes,
Again I marked th' unbidden tear;
My reasoning tongue no aid supplies,
She melts with grief, she sinks with fear.

Oh! come, I cried, the breathing spring
To thee shall all its bliss display,
Soft pleasures to thy mind shall bring,
And steal thee from thyself away.

We ranged the fields, the sunshine smil'd, Faintly she praised the cooling gale; But heard no lark that carol'd wild, And saw no primrose in the vale. The stream we sought, no more she sees
The landscape in the wave reflected;
The sparkling tide, the deepening trees,
The rock, the willow, all neglected.

In vain I shewed at close of day,

What once her wandering eye could charm,
The western wave, the slanting ray,
The cloud with varying lustre warm.

To fashion's realms my fancy flies,
I tell of whims and follies gay;
With languid look she faint replies,
And smiles my gaiety away.

The poet's song, the sprightly page,
The drama, or the tale I read;
Awhile the magic sounds engage,
But soon the ebbing thoughts recede.

And now her musings she resigns,
Again the song she bids me try;
Her cheek, she on her hand reclines,
And lifts to mine her grateful eye.

Again I read, I melt, I burn,
As wills the bard—my glance I raise—
But now no more those looks discern,
That kindling spoke the poet's praise.

In vain the muse, by heaven inspir'd,
Here had the mind by reason charm'd;
There by new forms the fancy fir'd,
Here all the soul to rapture warm'd.

Unmark'd my voice, unfelt the lay—
A passing dream, a tinkling sound;
Too soon was lost each cheerful ray,
In clouds of grief that gather'd round.

How vain! when lost the bosom's ease.

How vain our wish, relief to find,

From all that once had power to please,

While light the heart and gay the mind.

But Laura's tear no longer flows,
And sprightlier now her voice is heard;
No more her faded looks disclose,
The sickening tale of hope deferr'd.

Far happier sounds from Pisa came, Her doubts and tears and sighs are o'er; She saw reviv'd her brother's frame, She clasp'd him on his native shore.

The changeful fates for mortals weave,

A mingled web of joy and sorrow;

The gentle heart to day may grieve,

But throbs with richer bliss to-morrow.

THE VINDICATION.

OH! no, my love; thy vindication
My willing thoughts already find;
The kindest heart may feel vexation,
And wisdom leave the wisest mind;
What tongue can tell each strange emotion,
That rules the soul with wayward power;
Countless, as are the waves of ocean,
And transient, as the sunny shower.

Some friend perhaps, with harsh intrusion,
Had whisper'd censures too severe;
Dispell'd, perhaps, some fond illusion,
Some hope, to dreaming fancy dear;
The balls, to which so gay we hasted,
The circling scenes of fashion's glare,
Leave thee, perhaps, with spirits wasted,
The restless child of spleen and care.

Some pleasure fails thee for to-morrow;
Or pleasure's self no more can please;
A mind, like thine, untouch'd by sorrow,
A whim may fret, a trifle tease;
Dear to my life, my bosom's treasure,
Loving and loved, I ask no more,
No critic scales have I to measure
The faults of her that I adore.

'Mid rival minds, 'mid struggling trial
Of chance and change, defeat and pain;
'Tis thus that man can self-denial,
And patience, temper, wisdom gain;
But, heavenly woman, softness, beauty,
Tears, sighs, and smiles! must woman learn,
'Mid sufferings learn, man's fitter duty,
His colder heart, and virtues stern.

Oh no, from me no haughty railings,
No words of sway shall love dethrone;
Unschool'd by me thy faults and failings,
I turn to quarrel with my own;
The poets to describe his blindness,
Round Cupid's eyes a fillet drew,
Come drop with me a veil of kindness,
And shroud the eyes of Hymen too.

POEMS

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THE MOURNER'S APPEAL.

- 66 SAY, who art thou, and whence thy cure
- " For sorrows such as I endure?
- " Will at thy word the grave restore
- " The youth, I ever must deplore?
- " Vain boaster, can'st thou calm a mind,
- " That joy, that hope, has now resign'd?
- " Unmov'd, alas! fatigued I hear
- " Reason's dull murmurs in mine ear.
- " Religion would my sighs restrain,
- " Her soothing voice I list in vain;
- " And virtue bids me closer fold
- " The grief which to my heart I hold .-
- " Say who art thou, and whence thy cure
- " For sorrows such as I endure?

Fair mourner! all these taunts severe
I reck not—for I often hear;
Resistless is my powerful sway:
Thy heart must break, or must obey.
Disdain me, yet whate'er thy sorrow,
From me shalt thou thy comfort borrow:
Mark these firm wings that never fold,
This hour-glass and this scythe behold:
Already hast thou learnt from me
In words to paint thy misery!

OLIVIA SLEEPING.

THE night her empire had resign'd,
And bright the sun his orb display'd,
No more to sleep my eyes inclin'd,
Yet near my love I still delay'd.

Still blest delay'd; a casual beam.

Had glane'd the curtain's veil beside,
And pour'd its unexpected gleam

Where lay repos'd my bosom's pride.

O'er her I hung, and watch'd the ray
Thro' her loose tresses shadowy wind,
And round that neck soft fade away
Which on my happy arm reclin'd.

More full the beam reveal'd to view

The cheek which warm in slumber glow'd,
The lip, which ere I bade adieu,
Look'd as if still it kisses ow'd.

But sure that cheek too warmly glows,
Disturb'd, distress'd, my love appears:
Quick throbs her heart—I'll bid unclose
Those beauteous eyes—they stream with tears.

Olivia—deep her bosom sigh'd,

Her eyes diffused a sadden'd gleam;

Till starting—" Art thou there?" she cried—
" Ah me! how blest—'twas but a dream!"

TO LAURA.

YOU bid me sing the song you love,
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest, when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who form'd the song, you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be

The bard, who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee

To nature just, to genius warm!
But ah! the bard, where is he fled?

Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread,

The bard has lived, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquence the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,
How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day;
For, like the master of the lyre,
He too has lived and pass'd away.

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd;
Yet where—to silent death resign'd,
Rests now the form the muse inspir'd?
No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay;
Alas! while lives the song to charm;
All but the song has past away.

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly thro' thine heart can steal
The tender thought that bids thee sigh.
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
Whate'er thy reasoning mind rever'd:
In some lov'd maid, thus sinks and dies
All to thy inmost soul endear'd.
Oh Laura! haste thee to my breast!
Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
Dost thou too live to pass away?

FOR MUSIC.

- WHEN brightly glows the western wave beneath the sun declining,
 - And languid sounds the distant tide, retiring from the shore,
- 'Tis then I sink, to pensive thought my melting soul resigning,
 - Surrender'd sink, while care disturbs, and reason wakes no more.
- I muse of all that childhood loved, ere age its joys derided, Of all that youth delighted sketch'd, while hope the
- pencil guided,
 Of all that once my heart believed while tenderness

presided,

- And every scene that mem'ry throws her lonely radiance
- But oh! how kindly-soothing then in gentle cadence stealing, Comes music with its soften'd airs, and seems to breathe and sigh,
- Sweet as the voice which friendship pours, when not our woes concealing,
 - She owns that we with reason mourn, yet tells of comfort nigh.

- Then wake the lyre to sounds that float on lengthen'd pensive measures,
- Oh, wake the lyre! and give my soul its dear, its richest treasures,
- And tell my heart, tho' now forlorn, that still it has its pleasures;
 - Those sounds again! like other bliss they seem too soon to die.

THE MAID

WITH BOSOM COLD.

OF me they cry, I'm often told— " See there the Maid with bosom cold!

- "Indifference o'er her heart presides,
- 66 And love and lovers she derides:
- "Their idle darts, unmeaning chains,
- " Fantastic whims and silly pains:
- " In pride secure, in reason bold,
- " See there the Maid with Bosom Cold."

Ah! ever be they thus deceiv'd! Still be my bosom cold believ'd, And never may inquiring eyes Pierce thro' unhappy love's disguise: Yet could they all my bosom share, And see each painful tumult there, Ah! never should I then be told That I'm the Maid with Bosom Cold.

A fate severe, my suffering mind
To endless struggles has consign'd,
I feel a flame I must not own,
I love, yet every hope is flown;
Too strong to let my passion sway,
Too weak to teach it to obey,
I agonize, and then am told
That I'm the Maid with Bosom Cold.

The joy o'er all my looks exprest
Conceals a bosom ill at rest;
To balls and routs I haste away,
But only imitate the gay:
I jest at love and mock his power,
Yet feel his triumph every hour;
And lost to ev'ry bliss am told
That I'm the Maid with Bosom Cold.

Unable from myself to fly,

I catch each word, I read each eye;

Antonio comes—I die with fear
Lest others mark my faultering air;

My eye perhaps too fondly gaz'd,

My tongue too much—too little prais'd:

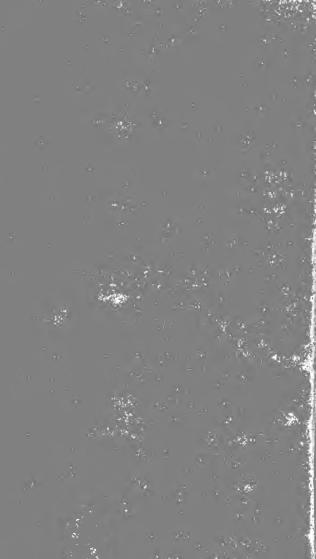
Suspicion's trembling slave—I'm told

That I'm the Maid with Bosom Cold.

With anxious toil, with ceaseless care, Content and careless I appear;
All mirth beneath another's eye,
Alone I heave the helpless sigh,
Hang musing o'er his image dear,
Feel on my cheek th' unbidden tear,
And think, ah! why should I be told
That I'm the Maid with Bosom Cold?

The flower may wave its foliage gay,
And flaunt it to the garish day,
Unseen the while a canker's pow'r
May haste its honours to devour;
And thus, while vainly round me play
Youth's zephyr-breath, and pleasure's ray,
My fate unknown, my tale untold,
Thus sinks the Maid with Bosom Cold.

CONCLUSION.



CONCLUSION.

THEY tell, me Muse, (oh! words of fear)
'Tis ruin thus thy lyre to hear,
That thou hast smiles that but deceive me;
That idly, while thy power inspires,
My mind consumes, my life retires—
They tell me, Muse, that I must leave thee.

Oh! when the sun, with welcome ray,
Warms chilly spring's uncertain day,
And varying fancies grieve and cheer me,
Stealing the sheltered vale along,
Oh! must I wake no answering song,
Tho' nature calls, and thou art near me?

Or when the summer's fiercest heat
Bids me to shady streams retreat,
And languors seize, and dreams amuse me,
Attuned to peace and love and thee,
In all the bliss of vacancy,

Then dear enchantress, must I lose thee!

When calm the sky, the landscape still,
At autumn's eve, and near the rill,
Or on the mountain, thou art nigh me,
To bid me mark the short'ning day,
The fading world, and man's decay,
Then, pensive teacher, must I fly thee.

Or when from splendor's tumult gay,
Or noisy mirth, I glide away
To some lone room, where none perceive me;
And sit the beating rain to hear,
Or whistling wind in winter drear,
Oh! would they bid me then to leave thee?

How ever shall these reasoners cold
Of fancy's dreams, of joys be told,
Of joys their wisdom cannot measure;
That summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Can each to me its offerings bring,
In ceaseless round of harmless pleasure.

They know not how the deepening trees,
Dark glens and shadowy rocks can please,
The morning blush, the smile of even;
What streams and lawns and mountains mean,
The dying gale, the breathing scene,
The midnight calm, the whispering heaven.

They know not how thy ready smile,
Thy guardian power, can life beguile,
And let nor spleen nor folly tease me;
And, or by fancy's colours bright,
Or sympathy's soft dewy light,
Give every object charms to please me.

A thousand times to me they say,
That I to wealth my vows should pay,
That bliss resides in golden treasures;
Ah! dearest Muse, how far above
Such prostitute, such hapless love,
How far removed are all my pleasures!

They bid me worldly honours gain,
And toil, perhaps, with useless pain,
To feel, when barter'd every blessing,
To feel, too late, that life's sole aim,
Had only won a vulgar fame,
And toys I think not worth possessing.

Quit not, they cry, the common road,
There best is happiness bestowed,
Where fancy rests, and hope reposes.
But I, with thee, midst sunny bowers,
Am wandering far and lose the hours,
In twining wreathes and gathering roses.

Ah! Muse, to me thy fondness shew, If I, for thee the world forego,

And brave neglect, and scorn inherit;
No thoughts, no bliss with others share,
And all thy marks of folly bear—
—Ah! let me bear thy marks of merit.

What tho', like all who own thy sway, Tho' meaner powers I must obey,

The' vanity too oft must rule me,
The treacherous goddess ah persuade
Not too severely to degrade,
But with her harmless dreams to fool me.

Tell her to soothe my willing ear, With hopes to lonely fancy dear,

That hours shall come of peaceful pleasures,
When many a maid of radiant eye,
Shall o'er my lyre in secret sigh,
And bless the bard, whose verse she treasures.

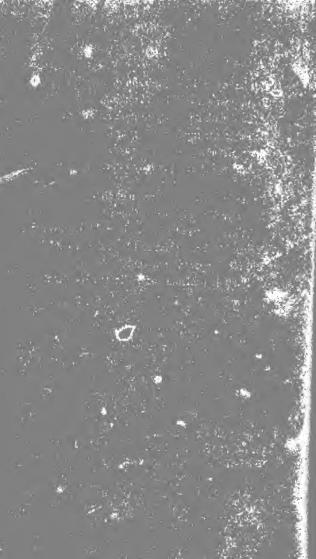
That e'en in learning's colder bowers,
The reasoner on his vacant hours
Shall find my muse no vain intruder;
Not feel his mind with feebler awe
Less willing bow to virtue's law,
And sure his gentle heart not ruder.

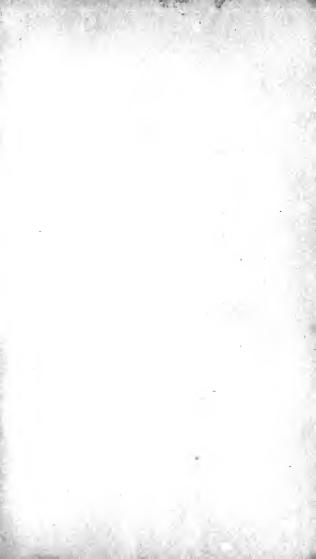
But be my soul by thee refin'd
From passions selfish and unkind,
To wealth no slave, to rank no suitor;
Be innocence my bosom's guard,
Benevolence my heart's reward,
And artlessness my only tutor.

Be ready still, o'er place, o'er time,
My towering spirit to sublime;
When fortune frowns and would distress me,
When bleak the skies and bare the ground,
Bid all thy paradise around
Burst into bloom and smile and bless me.

THE END

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